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MR. MACDONALD'S sudden return to London from Lossiemouth probably has nothing to do with renewed conversations about war debts. But it assuredly has something to do with the massacre of hundreds of Assyrians by "irregulars" under the Iraqi Government. This use of local bandits turned loose upon villages takes us back to the worst episodes of pre-war Turkey. But on this occasion British good faith is very much involved. We have given up our Mandate in Iraq, in spite of protests from the Iraqi Minorities and sceptical comments from other Powers at Geneva, on the plea that we had safeguarded the position of those Minorities. It would have been surprising if Mr. MacDonald had not realised the international reactions that may be expected to follow the very speedy discovery that our recent pledges at Geneva were valueless.

The Massacre of the Assyrians

The letter which we publish this week by Captain Mumford, who speaks from a long personal experience as a British soldier and intelligence officer in Iraq, reminds us of the facts. The Assyrians, accepting the promises which were broadcast wholesale by the Allies during the war to those who threw off Turkish allegiance and joined in the "war for civilisation" on the right side, declared war on Turkey, and after acute sufferings cut their way to Urmia in Persia to join up with the old Imperial Russian Army. They arrived to find that, owing to the Russian Revolution, this force had melted away. After remarkable fighting they finally cut their way down to the British near Baghdad, where forty thousand (all that was then left of some hundred thousand), were put into a refuge camp, housed and fed. Since that time there is little to record but broken promises of future settlement on our part and loyal military service on theirs. Some twenty thousand have found scattered and unhealthy homes in the Mosul district of Northern Iraq, and the remainder, who were homeless, obtained, until last year, a reasonable livelihood as soldiers of the British Government. Except for a very small section this force has now been disbanded, and with the abandonment of Iraq to King Feisal, the remaining Assyrians found themselves without either reasonable prospects of livelihood or personal safety. What are the Mandates and Minority Committee of the League of Nations going to do for them—or for any that are left of them?

Exit Machado

"Slipping off the Blood Standard" was the hopeful headline of an American newspaper announcing the impending overthrow of General Machado, eight years President of Cuba. The overthrow is now accomplished. Machado, at length proving unequal to the task of making Cuba safe for Wall Street, has been blown out of the island by the explosion of the revolutionary general strike, and is on his way to Paris to enjoy the large profits of his stewardship. The United States Government despatched two destroyers to the island, and hastily put the force of marines at Quantico through a course of special instruction in carrying out a landing

under Cuban conditions. But it has, after all, been able to avoid for the time being the awkward political and economic repercussions of a spectacular armed intervention in Cuba carried out within a few months of the projected Economic Conference with the Latin-American nations at Montevideo. This was a consideration which played a major rôle in the American decision to accelerate the departure of Machado before intervention on behalf of American interests became unavoidable. A Government apparently of a character agreeable to Washington has now been formed under Dr. de Cespedes.

Cuba and Sugar

The break-up of the corrupt Machado gang, whose brutalities have outdone the usual record of dictators put in as receivers for foreign debenture holders, is a welcome achievement. Machado, finally routed by a revolt of organised labour, has now been charged in the Cuban courts with misappropriation of public funds (said to amount to several million pounds), as well as various other frauds and a list of murders. But to get rid of a tyrant does not solve Cuba's problem. Machado received the support of several of the most important banks in New York and Canada which regarded Machado as the strongest agent to carry out, among other things, the sugar restriction schemes which it was hoped would raise the price of sugar and hence raise the value of the collateral carried on their books. Unfortunately sugar restriction involved vast unemployment and the rapid decline in the purchasing power of the population of the island. As usual in a Colonial country exploited to capacity from the intoxication of boom times and dreams of an eternal bull market, Cuba found itself between the devil of rigorous restriction and the deep sea of unrestricted output on to a glutted market.

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The difficulties of Cuba have not been lessened by the attitude of the domestic producers in the United States, who, indifferent to the fate both of Cuba and the New York banks, have been chiefly interested in trying to take advantage of a rise in sugar prices under the restriction scheme without permitting the Cuban producers to share the results of the plan. The domestic sugar lobby in the United States has already shown itself strong enough to secure the passage of the Philippine Independence Bill with the sole object of enabling the imposition of a tariff on Philippine sugar. Negotiations are now going on in Washington regarding the possible increase of the import quota permitted to Cuba and of the preference allowed to Cuba by the American tariff law. According to the best information at present available in London, it is not the intention of the new Cuban Government to abandon the restriction scheme which was in operation under Machado. It appears likely that for a time enthusiasm over the removal of Machado will serve to support the new Government in the absence of any change in the basic economic situation. At the same time reports from Washington indicate that Roosevelt is already at work on a scheme involving the diminution of the proportion of Cuban soil under sugar.

The Reichstag "Trial"

Ever since the burning of the Reichstag, which came so providentially to the help of the Nazis on the eve of the last German election, the world has been promised a public trial of Van Lubbe, the expelled Dutch Communist, three irrelevant Bulgarians and Herr Torgler, the Communist leader who surrendered to the police in order to have the opportunity of rebutting the charge that his party was responsible for the fire. Time after time the trial has been postponed: it is now again promised some time in September. The Nazi authorities announce that the prisoners having failed to appoint counsel of their own will be defended by lawyers appointed by the court. But there are still difficulties. Torgler, long kept in chains, has not yet committed suicide, and evidence rigorously kept from the German public is now being published in England and other countries. Some of this evidence has appeared this week in a series of authoritative articles in the *Manchester Guardian*.

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It is revealed that incendiary material was carried by the subterranean passage which runs from the Reichstag to the house where Göring, then Prussian Chancellor, was living; that everyone who might have been supposed capable of revealing the truth has been silenced; Dr. Bell, who helped in the burning, and Mr. Hanussen, a Czech who claimed to know about the fire, have both been murdered; Dr. Oberfohren, whose memorandum on the subject is the most important published evidence, committed suicide, and the firemen who arrived with awkward promptitude on the spot were afterwards arrested and kept quiet by charges of corruption which have never been pressed against them. These are only the beginning of the revelations: full documents are shortly to be published. The announcement that simultaneously with the "trial" a group of international jurists will go to Germany to watch the trial and that a "parallel trial" will be conducted with full evidence in another country (which is more likely to be England than Holland) has alarmed the Hitler Government, which is now asking to see the documents which Mr. Branting, the eminent Swedish lawyer, declares to be vital to the discovery of the truth. It would not surprise us if the "trial" was once more postponed.

Dr. Schmitt Blows the Gaff

Dr. Schmitt is the industrialist leader who was brought in by the Nazis as Minister of Economic Affairs when Herr Hugenburg was driven out. His speech this week shows that he is seriously uneasy about the trend of Nazi economic policy. He admitted in effect that the apparent fall in unemployment from over six to under five millions this year does not represent a real economic improvement, but has been brought about largely by putting more men in "voluntary" relief work, and by compelling employers to discharge women and juveniles, and even young men who can be transferred to relief work, and to take on more labour than their businesses really need. The local Nazi units have been enforcing this policy practically without control from the centre; and Dr. Schmitt is concerned to point out that it cannot last, and that the reduction of the registered unemployed by such methods is no substitute for a real economic policy. Dr. Schmitt also issued a warning against Economic Nationalism, and even parochialism, enquiring what was to happen to the Ruhr if Germany, and even each district in Germany, aimed at becoming as nearly self-

sufficient as possible. Significantly, the official Nazi organ produced only a mutilated report of Dr. Schmitt's speech. Presumably Herr Hitler and his immediate advisers realise the force of Dr. Schmitt's remarks, and the danger of any real quarrel with the industrialists. But it is not easy for them to keep their followers in order; and they probably reckon that the employers are grateful enough to the Nazis for smashing up the trade unions to put up with a good deal.

I Do It Again and Again

Herr Habicht, the ejected Nazi agent in Austria, who has now become the German Nazis' "inspector for Austria," has again been permitted to launch vitriolic broadcasts from Munich against the Austrians. In the course of his last tirade Herr Habicht categorically stated that the Nazis had no intention of relaxing their battle with Dollfuss, and, apart from this public propaganda, observers on the spot state that there is no diminution in the vigour with which the underground propaganda campaign against the Austrian Government is being conducted. At the same time the dangerous character of the Central European situation is increased by the growth of Nazi agitation on the Czech side of the Czech-German frontier. There is probability of serious trouble here in the near future. In Vienna, opinion in favour of an appeal by Austria to the League under Article 11 of the Covenant appears to be growing in the most various quarters. The *Reichspost*, Catholic Government organ, expressing gloom at the continuance of the Nazi campaign against the Austrian Government, inclines more and more to this course. So does the Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, calling upon the Dollfuss Government in a recent leading article to have the courage to invoke the Covenant as the only possible solution. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* envisages this as a necessary first step on the way to the objective laid down at a Social Democratic conference held July 15th, where the neutralisation of Austria was adopted as the policy of the party. The present theory of the Austrian Socialists is that a neutralised Austria would be capable of saving Central Europe from the consequences of Franco-Italian rivalry by drawing together Hungary and the Little Entente into a genuine Danubian Federation. The difficulty is Mussolini, who, while always willing to make friendly protests to Hitler, is anxious not to deprive himself of a possibly useful set-off to the policy of the Quai D'Orsay.

Mr. Roosevelt's Difficulties

President Roosevelt has had a worrying week. Big industrialists, headed by the colliery owners and the steel employers, have so far refused to come under the general terms of the Industrial Recovery programme, and no progress has been made towards the adoption of agreed codes for these industries. The oil industry is also proving difficult; and many of the big automobile firms, headed by Mr. Henry Ford, are standing out. The chief trouble is, of course, that American Big Business is strongly hostile to any recognition of Trade Unionism and determined to preserve the "open shop"—a policy which the President cannot accept without stirring up dangerous labour trouble. Nor are these the only difficulties that look formidable. There are fears of a break in agricultural prices, and the farmers are getting restive, while consumers are grumbling that the prices of finished goods have risen much faster than the incomes available for buying them. In face of these difficulties it looks as if some further drastic step may be expected in America in the near future. Mr. Roosevelt is reluctant to quarrel with Big Business if he can help it, or to attempt full control over prices. But he may easily be driven to do both if existing tendencies continue. He has reached a point when he cannot afford to draw back.

Rationalising the Wheat Market

A Wheat Conference has been summoned to meet in London this coming week, under the auspices of the World Economic Conference. Thirty-one States are being invited, including all the chief importing, as well as the exporting, countries. The position seems to be that the four great non-European exporting areas—the U.S.A., Canada, Argentina and Australia—have at length reached a provisional agreement concerning their shares in the world market. But the U.S.S.R. is not a party to this agreement, which is, moreover, itself contingent on a further agreement with the chief importing countries. The importers are to be asked to modify their present forms of agricultural protection, so as to improve market conditions for the exporting countries. The prospects of an agreement on these lines do not seem to be very bright; and already the American Secretary of Agriculture is announcing that, if the wheat-producing countries refuse to co-operate further in reducing cultivated areas, the United States will resort to "subsidised exports" on a large scale. "I do not like to call it dumping," says Mr. Wallace. "I think 'subsidised exports' describes it best." But what's in a name? The Americans mean to market their wheat somehow and somewhere, for what prices they can get. Their available surplus will, however, be much less than was expected because of the meagre yield of this year's harvest.

A Wise Concession

The Indian Government has very sensibly given way to Mr. Gandhi, who threatened a new fast if he was not allowed in the conditions of his renewed imprisonment to continue his work for the Untouchables. He might as well be dead, he explained, if he could not go on with his work. Mr. Gandhi, it is now reported, is to be allowed to receive newspapers, to see two visitors a day, and to have facilities for continuing to exercise his control over his paper *Harijan*, and for sending contributions to it. From a political point of view the Government has everything to gain from this arrangement. Mr. Gandhi has started a movement which is regarded as a side-track by his more ardent followers, and which makes him unpopular in the stricter Hindu circles. By waiving the rigorous rules of ordinary imprisonment, to which Mr. Gandhi is now condemned for a year, the Government avoids the odium of permitting him to starve himself, and it fosters a movement which indirectly tends to split the nationalist forces. But this is a case in which righteousness and self-interest work together. The movement for the abolition of untouchability which Mr. Gandhi has inaugurated may prove in the long run as important as anything now taking place in India. It is an admirable thing in itself, and we are glad that it suits the interests of the Indian Government to promote it.

THE BLUE SHIRT AND THE GREEN

WHILE there is plenty of news about the Irish situation, attempts to interpret it are strikingly lacking. This is not at all surprising. English people, accustomed to troubles in Ireland, are tempted to dismiss the whole thing with some phrase about Irishmen having to fight amongst themselves now that the British are gone, while those who want to relate this new conflict to the world situation, find themselves floundering in a set of circumstances to which none of the familiar categories seem accurately to apply. One may, it is true, fairly describe General O'Duffy's movement as Fascist: all the elements are there—the drill and uniform (with the arms carefully out of sight), the support of the few big Irish and Anglo-Irish industrialists and of the bankers and store-keepers (often the money-lenders in an Irish village), the emphasis on the blue shirts as a safeguard against Communism, the romantic appeal to the young, the attack upon Parliamentary institutions, the advocacy of the Corporative State, the economic nationalism—all these are openly and indubitably Fascist. But then what of Mr. De Valera? He is a vehement opponent of Communism and he finds his chief support in the small peasantry and labourers; he is a Catholic, and like the great bulk of his followers is also an economic nationalist and an advocate of the "distributivist" peasant State. Among his I.R.A. supporters, there is some anti-clericalism—though the majority of the younger clergy and even a few bishops support Fianna Fáil; there is also a vague sympathy with the idea of a Workers' Republic which some of the more intelligent members hold to be the only way of achieving a united Irish Republic. But even if we accept the estimate (which comes from an impartial Irish source) that as many as five per cent. of the I.R.A. are Communists, that would scarcely seem an adequate explanation of the sudden appearance of a Fascist opposition.

In explaining the rise of the Blue Shirts, then, General O'Duffy's anti-Communist plea must in the main be discounted as propaganda, and his movement is not to be simply accounted for by fear of the I.R.A., which has been in fact surprisingly quiet since Mr. De Valera came into power.

In Ireland, economically an undeveloped country, the clash of social forces, which is everywhere occurring as a result of the world economic debacle, necessarily takes a form very different from the form it assumes in an industrial country such as Germany, and it is conditioned by the fact that war has never really ceased between Mr. De Valera and the I.R.A. on the one side and Mr. Cosgrave and the supporters of the Treaty on the other. General O'Duffy chose his day well when he proposed to parade his Blue Shirts in commemoration of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith; many who might otherwise have supported De Valera's recent policy hate him as the man who insisted that Michael Collins and not he himself should go to negotiate the treaty with England and then preferred to plunge Ireland into Civil War rather than accept the Treaty which Collins brought back. To this traditional hostility must be added the alarm and hatred which cattle farmers and industrialists feel for the man whose policy led to the Anglo-Irish economic blockade.

But why, it may be asked, should these forces which oppose Mr. De Valera rally to the support of a Fascist movement? Why do they not organise in the constitutional way behind Mr. Cosgrave? The first answer arises out of the personalities of the leaders and the atmosphere of Irish politics. Ireland has been comparatively peaceful for ten years: constitutionalism is dull and Mr. Cosgrave, whose stocks have not gone up since his fall from power, seems an out-of-date and inadequately romantic leader. Youth has on the whole followed Mr. De Valera; the time is ripe for an attempt to rally the young men to a more exciting opponent than Mr. Cosgrave. General O'Duffy seems just the man. Mr. De Valera's greatest mistake was in losing his services, thereby letting loose a restless and ambitious enemy. As organiser of the Dublin police, General O'Duffy had shown his abilities. He has no hampering political past; he combines the attractions of the soldier with capacities and opinions which command the confidence of business interests.

The second reason for the rally to General O'Duffy, rather than to Mr. Cosgrave, is that in the constitutional and democratic sphere Mr. De Valera has been surprisingly successful. No one expected Mr. De Valera's period of office to be marked by so much political tolerance; few of his opponents had imagined that he would be victorious in two successive elections in which by common admission the old terrorist tactics of the I.R.A. played no considerable part. He has done much to placate the I.R.A. and has retained their confidence; they have repaid him by refraining from violence. But, in using the Treaty as a stepping-stone towards complete cleavage with England, Mr. De Valera is only following the intentions of Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith whose only defence of it was that it enabled a future Government to do exactly what Mr. De Valera is now doing. The removal of the Oath was on the whole popular. It had at least one of the merits of the refusal to pay the annuities—it thoroughly annoyed England, and since England spoke through Mr. Thomas that was peculiarly satisfactory to Irishmen. Nor can Mr. Cosgrave make any effective onslaught on Mr. De Valera's proposal to abolish appeals to the Privy Council. For Mr. Cosgrave himself always objected to appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council and devised ingenious ways of circumventing it. Indeed on the Constitutional side Mr. De Valera may claim to have boldly followed a path which was suggested by Griffith and Collins and was afterwards deserted by Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues. Nor have the economic repercussions of this policy proved unpopular with the poorer sections of the community. The labourer has eaten meat which under Mr. Cosgrave would have been exported to England and he has appreciated the sudden rise in his standard of living without as yet feeling the effects of his employer's bankruptcy. The Land Bill, now before the Dail, is a measure from which the unemployed young men of the country-side and the sons of farmers—the rank and file of Mr. De Valera's supporters—may hope to benefit. According to its provisions half the sums now in dispute between the Free State and the British Governments will cease to be collected from the farmer whose arrears of annuities are either to be funded or cancelled. An appeal to history is calculated to make the Bill particularly popular—it is described as the sign of the final reconquest of Irish land and the end of the Cromwellians. It provides for the compulsory

purchase of such holdings as are valued above £2,000, or are deemed not to be properly cultivated; it makes the Minister judge of what constitutes "accepted methods of husbandry," and brings the Land Commission into the arena of politics. The last of the old landlords were abolished by the Cosgrave Land Act of 1928; the persons threatened by the present measure are chiefly large graziers, who must make room for the population of the congested districts. For all this Mr. De Valera is likely to gain rather than lose support among the poorer classes: he can fairly claim that he is only trying to realise the ideal of former Nationalist agitation—the creation of a bold and Chestertonian peasantry which, regardless of grazier's titles, shall occupy itself with driving the "plough up the slopes of Tara."

The basic reason for the sudden appearance of a Fascist organisation in Ireland at this moment should now be clear enough. The reason is Mr. De Valera's popularity. It is just because a general election in the near future would probably bring him victory and find Mr. Cosgrave and the Centre Party still unable to compose their differences and as impotent to make an effective electoral appeal as they were last time, that General O'Duffy finds it easy to obtain financial and other support for his Blue Shirts. The cry that Parliamentary Government has failed, talk of the Corporative State and of the efficiency of Dictators means in Ireland to-day what it has often meant elsewhere—not that "democracy has broken down," but that it has begun to work, that for the first time it is producing a leader who represents the interests and wishes of the poorer and larger section of the nation. It is true that Mr. De Valera's policy of cutting adrift from Great Britain economically as well as politically reduces the general standard of living in Ireland. But it is not the cause of the revolt against him. With the poor it is popular. The revolt is against democracy as well as against Mr. De Valera, just because the majority are willing to support a policy which menaces the power and the possessions of the rich.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND LABOUR

WITH the announcement of the appointment by President Roosevelt of a national board of arbitration of seven men to decide all disputes growing out of labour or industrial problems, the drive for rescuing the United States from the economic depression enters upon another important phase. That something of this kind would have to be done was obvious, particularly as labour was beginning to be worried by the veiled threats of General Johnson, head of the Recovery administration, as to the fate which would overtake anyone who got in the way of the recovery programme. In a statement to the New York *Times* General Johnson had declared that: "this is no time for strikes because of isolated difficulties"; that: "there is no place in this programme, either, for labour to act selfishly or locally," and that if labour were having trouble in some place they should come to him "and have the inequalities fought out in public, in full view of the country as a whole." Naturally it is a good deal better that the relations of labour and industry should be in the hands of a board than in those of a General, however able, who is staggering under one of the greatest administrative tasks ever assigned to an American official.

The President's choice of the seven arbitrators is bound to make a favourable impression, for the chairman is Senator Robert F. Wagner, of New York, whose record throughout the depression has been outstanding for vision and constructive statesmanship. The board also contains perhaps the best-informed student of labour problems, Prof. Leo Wolman, of Columbia University, together with three enlightened representatives of industry, notably Mr. Gerard Swope, the President of the great General Electric Company, whose recognition of the fact that capital must take a different attitude towards labour has long favourably impressed the public. Though one cannot enthuse about the labour representation, William Green, the head of the American Federation of Labour, was none the less bound to be chosen; John L. Lewis, the head, and almost the wrecker, of the United Mine Workers, is probably the best-hated labour leader in this country. Still the board as a whole is assured of public approval; Prof. Wolman's presence upon it guarantees the presentation of a progressive labour point of view, despite the absence of a labour leader with some other objective than higher wages and more jobs.

Aside from this striking action by the President, we are now on the full tide of the national recovery movement. The whole country is being aroused and there are even alarming indications of a revival of the war-time psychology which led to so much hysteria and injustice to individuals in 1917–19. General Johnson himself was the creator of the war-time draft act for which he proceeded to prepare without awaiting legal authority for so doing. He naturally uses the phrases of a state of belligerency. We are in a "great emergency"; it is a "peace-time war." Beside the demand that all employers, large or small, come in under the "blanket-code" drawn up by him, the war-time draft, he says, was "much less vital." Two weeks more he has given to employers to sign up voluntarily, after that the smashing pressure of "local public opinion" will be employed—boycotting will be encouraged by Washington, and social ostracism, and the rest of the technique used against slackers, pacifists, and dissenters in the world war. The spirit of the dictator appears: America faces disaster; recovery must not be hampered by any selfish individual or organisation; any such must be crushed for the benefit of the general welfare. Hence the employers of the country are on notice to volunteer to come under the National Industrial Recovery Act and to sign the "blanket code" which was written as soon as it became apparent that many months would elapse before separate codes could be worked out for each and every industry or form of capitalist activity.

What is the "blanket code"? It contains fourteen provisions which forbid the employment of anyone under sixteen (except during non-school hours in businesses other than mechanical trades), restrict employment to 40 hours a week, and prohibit any operation of less than 52 hours a week, "unless such hours were less than 52 before July 1st, 1933," in which case the company or employer is bound "not to reduce hours at all." Employers having less than two employees; professional men; managers and executives earning more than $35 a week; emergency workers and certain classes of skilled technicians are exempted from the above. As for pay, the fifth section reads as follows. The employer agrees—

> Not to pay any employee . . . less than $15 a week in any city of more than 500,000 population, or in the trade area of any such city nor less than $14.50 a week in any city of between 250,000 and 500,000 population; nor less than $14 a week in any city between 2,500 and 250,000; and in towns of less than 2,500 to increase wages by not less than 20 per cent., provided that this shall not require wages in excess of $12 a week.

The measure also prescribes a minimum wage rate of not less than 40 cents an hour unless the hourly rate on July 15th, 1929, was less than 40 cents an hour, in which case that rate must now be equalled; in no case must it be less than 30 cents an hour.

Finally, the employer pledges himself "not to use subterfuge to frustrate the spirit and intent of the agreement, which is to increase employment, to remove obstructions to commerce and to shorten hours and to raise wages for the shorter week

to a living basis." He also agrees to patronise establishments which have also signed the agreement, and—very important—not to increase the price of merchandise over that of July 1st, 1933, " by more than is made necessary " by actual increases in production, replacement, or invoice costs of merchandise, or by taxes. Likewise he pledges his honour to refrain from profiteering. If any of these requirements works " great and unavoidable hardship because of peculiar circumstances " an employer may apply for a stay pending investigation. But as the President has already dismissed the appeals for exemption from three textile mills it is evident that the code will be applied with great strictness. " We cannot delay," declares General Johnson, " if purchasing power is to be brought up to the point where what is produced may be consumed. It does not matter much what prices are, so long as wages are not at a disparity." He admits that just now " prices have risen faster than wages and consuming power. That must end, and this method will end it if people will accept its idea in the spirit of a great emergency." Incidentally, a Connecticut Congressman, addressing a large audience on behalf of the National Recovery Administration, has just informed his hearers that those who like himself " are behind the scenes " know that the gravity of the crisis continues " most alarming."

There are obviously many bridges still to be crossed before we can be sure that General Johnson's confident prediction that five million men will be put to work by December 1st will come true. Many employers will sign the codes, but their factory wheels will still not turn—for lack of capital and patronage. Plenty of mines, especially the now idle iron mines, will pledge their support but will not put a man to work for lack of orders. Will purchases and orders be forthcoming? And without price fixing, which Mr. Sinclair, the great oil-producer, declares to be a necessity? Otherwise, he declares, there is nothing in the special oil code, just drafted by General Johnson, " to enable the industry to meet an increased wage-bill of at least one million dollars a day."

If the Administration's effort fails, the public disappointment and despair will be overwhelming. It has tremendous faith in the President, so much so that competent observers agree that if there were Congressional elections this fall the Democrats would sweep the country more readily and more completely than they did a year ago. There is a story going the rounds that a great industrialist recently said to Mr. Roosevelt: " Mr. President, if you succeed in this recovery effort you will be regarded as the greatest President in American history. If you fail you will be called the worst." " No," the President is said to have replied. " If I succeed I shall be called the greatest President. But if I fail, I shall be the last President."

It is, of course, impossible to verify this, but it bears some evidence of authenticity. More than that, it represents the feeling of an astonishing number of Americans. It is amazing how many there are who believe that our boasted democratic institutions will not survive the effects of two more years of our depression, and this despite the great rise in the prices of staples, the 350 per cent. increase in June of railroad earnings, the partial stock market recovery. Thus one of the most prominent figures in the Wilson administration assured the writer of these lines that if President Roosevelt failed there would be a coalition government, to be followed, in short order, by a pure Fascist administration of the country. On the other hand, Mr. Lloyd George was correct in saying the other day that, if Mr. Roosevelt succeeds, the rest of the embattled industrial world will be compelled to follow and adopt the American programme.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A LONDON DIARY

ONLY those who have followed the German situation closely will realise the significance of the announcement that Mr. Edgar Mowrer, Berlin correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, is to be transferred from Berlin to Tokio. Mr. Mowrer was President of the Foreign Correspondents' Association in Berlin before Hitler became Chancellor. After the publication of *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, the Nazi authorities demanded his removal. But the corps of foreign correspondents refused to accept his resignation and Mr. Mowrer has remained, in spite of threats of various kinds, the centre of this singularly united and courageous group of journalists. The outside world has as yet no realisation of what it owes to Mr. Mowrer and his American and British colleagues nor the price they have paid for their firmness and independence. The nervous strain has been, and still is, tremendous. Apart from personal danger, which is never wholly absent, these men have had to become adepts at secrecy, gleaning all but the official and largely valueless information by roundabout means, conscious that their 'phones are tapped and their letters opened, that they are continuously watched, and that a single incautious phrase in conversation or in a message may result in the death or torture of an informant. The greatest strain of all comes, I think, from seeing the desolation of homes in which men who have for years been their friends in Germany have been deprived of their livelihood—buried in internment camps or in some cases done to death by " self-strangulation " or shot in " trying to escape." No correspondent, however robust, can be expected indefinitely to stand the strain of working in these conditions. When I last saw Edgar Mowrer I realised that he was living on the very edge of his nerves, and, though on public grounds I deeply regret his departure from Berlin, I am not surprised that the *Chicago Daily News* feel that it is now only fair to relieve him. The important thing is that they should find a staunch and independent journalist to take his place.

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Mrs. Barclay's article on Money-lenders last week has inspired a correspondent to send me some very remarkable stories from his own experience. The first concerns a Bermondsey widow who used to live in one of those unexpectedly prosperous houses, which, as Mrs. Barclay said, often point to the money-lender in a slum street. Mrs. Jackson's house was expensively decorated, the woodwork grained and heavily varnished in the best public-house manner. This lady always vowed that she had only just enough to scrape along herself, but she knew a " friend " who had done a lot for the poor and might be prevailed upon to oblige again. The friend was obliging enough only to charge a penny in the shilling per week and, thus covered with disinterestedness, Mrs. Jackson was more easily able to insist that she would never allow a borrower to betray her friend's trust by getting behind with the interest payment. Old Logan was another money-lender, a pious-looking old devil with a queenly looking wife and two tall, high-collared and haughty daughters. My correspondent writes: " I can see now the heavily furnished room, half office and half drawing-room in which the old spider would encompass the poor borrowing fly who came back time after time to leave a little more blood behind him. Logan's terms were two shillings in the pound per week—about 500 per cent. per annum. Every Sunday morning I used to see the Logan family carrying their Bibles as they processed with dignity and aloofness to their reserved pew in church." The last case is a recent and surely unusual one. A jeweller-pawnbroker related that regularly every week for eight or nine years a compositor called to pledge a gold watch-chain and with equal regularity redeemed it on Saturdays. At last the pawnbroker asked his client, why, seeing that he did not seem hard up, he always carried out this odd transaction. The compositor explained that by pawning the chain he always had some cash about him, whereas many of his fellow-workers had none. Consequently he was frequently asked to help out with small sums and at last decided to make a business of it. He got three pounds a week for the chain and by lending it out in five or ten shilling sums at a penny in the shilling per week he had for all these years made out of this valuable article a hundred pounds per annum in interest, less a few pence a week to the pawnbroker!

You will remember in *Penguin Island* how much embarrassment was occasioned in heaven by the error of the Blessed but blind St. Mael in giving Christian baptism to a large company of penguins. I can imagine Anatole France writing an even more pointed satire about the mass marriage of slum dwellers which I see reported by a Budapest correspondent of the *Times*. I have myself seen these slums, which are certainly among the worst in Europe. Some thousands of beggars and unemployed, with no visible means of subsistence, live in huts about the size of tool sheds, made of odd bits of wood and dumped down without sanitation on the bare and, in the winter, wet ground outside Budapest. I have never heard of the Church in Hungary making any effort to change the condition of these *misérables*. But the parish priest, it seems, was so troubled about their morals that he persuaded fifty-two couples among them to go to church in a bunch and be legally married according to the ritual of the Catholic Church. The ceremony was attended by a small crowd of children who came to see their parents married. On second thoughts this wedding might have suited the genius of W. S. Gilbert even better than that of Anatole France.

* * *

I desire to express great sympathy with a reader of these columns who sent us the following letter:—"It was Bank Holiday week-end and I was reading the stock market reports. The heat was terrific, which always makes it difficult for me to concentrate, and somehow the market news got very mixed. *Cements* were hardening, *British Glues* were sticky and *Bricks* were dropped. *Rolls-Royce* accelerated to 53 and *Austin* (*preferred*) turned the corner at 25. *Guinness* was good but many preferred *Worthington*. Several investors were taking *Courage*. *Richard Thomas* rose sharply and *Buttons* were off. *Cinemas* were a dull spot but *Greyhounds* finished strong. In insurance circles *Scottish Widows* were lively. In the mining field *Sons of Gwalia* were strong but *Santa Gertrudis* was very weak and *Lace Proprietaries* were lowered. Unusual form was shown by the *Siamese Tins*. *Carolina* was popular in Mincing Lane: Throgmorton Street preferred *Johnnies*. *Sennah* was absorbed in large quantities."

* * *

The first production in Europe of *Damaged Lives*, a film dealing with the "social evil," will be given at the Coliseum . . . No one under the age of 16 will be admitted to see the film, and there will be special days for "men only" and "women only." Thus the opening performance will be given to women alone, Sunday's audience being exclusively male. Thereafter Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays will be reserved for women and Tuesdays and Thursdays for men. *Only on Saturdays and Sundays will there be a mixed audience* (my italics).—*Daily Telegraph.*

* * *

I went in. South Wales miners seeing me, surrounded me and and sang—yes, next to a bar—"Cwm Rhondda" and "Aberystwyth," the two great hymns of Wales. The bar parlours took it up. The four-ale bar joined in.—Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Herald.*

* * *

Sir Ernest Benn's new book, *This Soft Age*, which is to be published on September 15th, follows at an interval of eighteen months, on his last success, *Honest Doubt*. For many years this champion of Individualism has written at least a book a year, and in this way has perhaps done more than any other single pen to save us from the major political difficulties which have afflicted almost all the other nations of the world.—*Publishers' Circular.*

* * *

Among the young married couples who are only going away for week-ends during the normal holiday season are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeney. They have a house in Hans-place where Mrs. Sweeney spends the middle of the week happily with her two poodles and her husband's Alsatian, taking them for walks in Hyde Park or driving them out to Richmond.—*Daily paper.*

* * *

Captain R. W. Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.N. (retired).—It is an outrageous suggestion. It would be far better to retain a fine old English name like South Mimms rather than the name Potter's Bar, the origin of which is obscure, to say the least of it.—*Evening Standard.*

CRITIC

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.—II

THE REVOLUTIONARY PRESS AND AGITATION*

THOUGH the groups of five form only part of the revolutionary movement in Nazi Germany, they are certainly the most important part—the mass basis of the movement. As a working-class organisation its main sphere of activity is in the factories and offices, where the real roots of any such movement must be. It is from this source that a future revolution against the Hitler Dictatorship must start. But in addition to this secret revolutionary movement there is also developing a political propaganda which is directed, as the propaganda of the old political parties used to be, towards the general public.

There is to-day an extensive revolutionary press and a broad revolutionary agitation in Germany, which is uniting itself with the groups of five. If these latter represent the soldiers of the revolutionary movement, the mass reserves in the factories, one further step up the ladder we find the organisation of the revolutionary officers, the staffs of the revolutionary movement in Germany. This is a much closer and more specialised organisation, which is in the main identical with the old inner apparatus of the Communists—the only organisation which has survived the establishment of the Third Reich of Hakenkreuzlers. We will refer later to the special rôle of the Communists. But the scope of the new revolutionary press in Germany, which is already distributing every day hundreds of thousands of papers, and which already represents a real power, has to-day grown far beyond the framework of that party. Around this and taking part in its distribution are gathering to-day thousands of former Social Democrats and Reichsbanner men, non-party people, Jews and even former Liberals and Catholics—all that is still actively anti-Fascist and hates Hitler and his terror State. It is a political and journalistic revolution. The German revolutionary of to-day is first of all a technical artist, a conspiratorial genius and frequently a magician. His editorial office is any little room, which often has to be changed daily and frequently more than once in a day. He enters it and leaves it at the peril of his life, or else he lives, eats, and sleeps, confined in it. His printing press is only seldom a proper machine workshop, it is generally a duplicator, a typewriter, very often just a simple shilling ink blotter, on which a strip of linoleum with words carved on it are stuck. A blotter of this kind produces in a night hundreds of small handbills! At the beginning of July the Hitler police discovered in the neighbourhood of Neumünster, in Schleswig Holstein, a revolutionary printing press in a cavity 2½ metres deep. Some 300,000 copies of the weekly edition of the Communist *Rote Fahne* are issued. This centrally printed edition is reproduced throughout Germany by local groups of from five to thirty men working with duplicators, typewriters, and by hand. The fly-leaves and handbills with a few, generally five to ten, lines of anti-Fascist slogans and revelations are innumerable. All this is reminiscent of the secret revolutionary press of the Germany of 1848. But to-day the language used is short, sharp, and practical. Long-drawn idealist meditations are not to be found. Who are the authors? An illegal paper of the Communist revolutionaries, *Freiheit*, supplies the answer: "Editor—Karl Marx."

More important than the printing are the distribution and circulation of this press inside German towns which are swarming with armed and suspicious Storm Troops. For these purposes a special art and science have been recreated to meet the new conditions. The streets, the underground railways, the restaurants, the parks, the unemployment exchanges are often full of this literature; it is in the hands of the passers by; it gets into private houses. The Nazis

* The first of Mr. Henri's articles dealing with the underground opposition movement in Germany appeared in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of August 5th.

themselves admit this in their daily police appeals against the burrowing of the " red sub-humans."

But how is this managed without the entire organisation being discovered in a couple of days? Here, too, the revolutionaries work according to the same principle as the groups of five in the workshops: the organisation is so divided that one man does not know another. The different distributors and sellers of the newspapers and leaflets have their particular collection stations, but they do not know who brings the newspapers there; if such a distributor be caught, the police can hardly find out anything from him. Still less can the police run after all the children who find ingenious ways of distributing anti-Fascist propaganda and messages in the streets. Nor can anyone know that anti-Fascist literature is being sent in the official postal envelopes of various authorities; not long ago in Berlin the police discovered that the Post Office had for weeks been transmitting, at the expense of the State, revolutionary matter in envelopes which bore the imprint of the head office of the city electricity works, and which had been requisitioned by the anti-Fascists. On June 24th the police discovered a large " astrological " business in Heinestrasse in Berlin, where 15,000 " horoscopes " were all ready for despatch—all revolutionary appeals. There are hundreds of methods of this sort, and the German revolutionaries invent new ones every day. A good deal of this literature is masked outside in the most careful manner. A few weeks ago a sixteen-page film advertisement, on *The Sign of the Cross*—a Cecil de Mille film—was widely circulated in Germany. The film really does exist, and the first few pages of the leaflet chatted amiably about Nero and ancient Rome, but then suddenly jumped to the burning of the Reichstag, and revealed Hitler, Göring and Goebbels as the real incendiaries. A second pamphlet against Hitler is called *Art and Knowledge*, and in Bavaria a revolutionary leaflet has spread over the entire page the large title: " Newest Sensation! The latest cheap wireless set! Four Years guarantee. You must have our radio." But the small text in between is propaganda against the Nazi Government. The so-called revolutionary " chain-letters " have become a real " plague." Somebody gets a political anti-Fascist letter with the demand to copy it several times and to send it with the same instructions to his friends. Entire quarters of Berlin are writing these " letters."

They cannot kill the press of the people—this is proved once again in Nazi Germany. These leaflets are often technically very imperfect, even almost unreadable. But who worries about that at present in Germany? The same could be said of the leaflets of the French Revolution, of those issued by the fighters of 1848, and by the Russian revolutionaries: later on these became history. In a country where one is only allowed to read, write and think as a National-Socialist, illegal leaflets are snatched out of one's hand. This press is a growing power.

The groups of five and the illegal press are the two chief weapons by which the revolutionary movement in Germany is forcing its way from underground to the surface of the totalitarian State and is undermining two of its pillars—the economic apparatus and the monopoly of public opinion. And perhaps the third and most important pillar of Hitler's dictatorship will also soon be undermined—its military apparatus. In many places in Germany inside the S.A., revolutionary organisations, " groups of revolutionary S.A. men," as they are called, have come into existence. Some of these even publish their own papers and distribute them in the barracks. (On June 10th, in Dusseldorf, an S.A. man of Standard 39 was shot for distributing such leaflets.) These groups begin to exploit the growing disatisfaction of the S.A. men about their economic position, the luxurious life of their leaders, the non-fulfilment of earlier Socialist promises, the refusal to allow them to join the ordinary police, etc. It seems as if the growth of these secret S.A. organisations had had something to do with the great S.A. revolt which broke out in Germany at the end of June—the rebellion of the Frankfurt S.A., the dissolution of the famous Horst Wessel detachment in Berlin, and of some formations in Dresden, and the great street demonstrations of S.A. men in Bochum and Kassel, where they sang the *International*. This movement, which is just at the beginning, should not be exaggerated. But it is quite evident that in the long run the S.A.—this mass of 800,000 mercenary soldiers, partly recruited from the proletariat, cannot possibly be satisfied by Hitler and might become a new revolutionary explosive force. Hitler and Göring are already trying to protect themselves against it, by transferring police functions from the S.A. to the S.S. (Guard detachments), which are the much smaller and more devoted bodyguard of the Government. But this merely aggravates the uneasiness in the S.A. Again, in the labour service camps, the new great massing points where, under the cloak of " manual education," military drill is really being forced upon hundreds of thousands of youths—here too revolutionary groups are at work.

Göring is trying to set up a terrifying organisation against the growing spectre of the new revolutionary movement—the newly formed " Secret State police force " (Geheimes Staatspolizei-Amt, or the G.S.P.)—a grandiose spy and terror organisation. It is to combine the old methods of the Russian Ochrana with the new experiences of the secret agency of Mussolini, and to form an unprecedented synthesis of police science. This organisation, unlimited money and men at its disposal, has only one task—to catch revolutionaries. Its real spiritual inspirer is Goebbels, and its centre is the same secret circle of Nazi-terrorists who organised the Reichstag fire. This organisation works day and night, its agents are spread throughout the country, and it works by torture of prisoners and suspects. But how far can the secret State police with all its spies, instruments of torture and vast organisation succeed against the heroism, the courage and indomitable inventive genius of these people? What can the secret State police do against the new system of demonstration of the revolutionaries, the " lightning demonstrations," where several hundred people suddenly appear in a certain place, at a certain signal, from side streets, shout anti-Hitler slogans, distribute leaflets, and then, in a few minutes, disappear again among the passers-by? What can the secret State police do against the new meeting system of the revolutionaries, where small groups of harmless hikers—linked up by couriers and protected by sentries—meet in a wood, couples evidently very much in love!

What indeed can any secret police do against a revolutionary movement springing from the people? ERNST HENRI

THE PATRIOT

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago a little man sat in a little upstairs room in a mean street in Dublin, and, surrounded by a litter of newspapers and correspondence on his desk and on the floor, made plans for the resurrection of his country. He looked as little of a dreamer as an ordinary French politician. He seldom made any display of enthusiasm, and he did not take the display of enthusiasm by other people very seriously. He seemed to regard eloquence as one of the vices of his countrymen, and to think that the country would be greatly benefited if speech-making ceased and demonstrations with bands and banners were abolished. He himself cultivated the reticence of a Parnell. He was one of the most profoundly emotional men in Ireland, but his emotion was kept under iron control. One had only to look at his abnormally developed jaw muscles and his square and powerful shoulders to realise the strength of will that lay behind his habitual quietness.

It required more than ordinary strength of will to set out hopefully on the task which he had undertaken. He possessed neither money nor a popular following; and most people who had heard of his paper—and they were a small minority of his countrymen—were convinced that he would

never be anything more than an insignificant doctrinaire with a gift for saying bitter things about England and the Parliamentary Party. His few adherents were called "rainbow chasers" by some and "cranks and soreheads" by others. They included, it is true, a number of city councillors as well as a number of poets; but, for the most part, the country remained perfectly indifferent to them.

Arthur Griffith was not in the ordinary sense of the word an extremist. He believed that the extremist policy of physical force by which the Fenians had hoped to win the freedom of Ireland could result only in defeat and in a reaction which would weaken the Irish power of resistance for another generation. On the other hand, he believed that the policy of sending a delegation to Westminster to ask for reforms and for half-measures was humiliating and was turning Ireland into an English province. The Irish nation, he held, could be saved only by a policy which combined the pugnacity and pride of Fenianism with a constructive national movement which, unlike a physical force movement, could not be crushed at a blow.

He discovered his policy while reading—some say, misreading—Hungarian history. He based it, not on theoretic republicanism, but on a demand for the return of the Constitution of 1782. Or it might be more accurate to say that he proposed to set up an Irish Parliament without England's consent, to establish Irish law courts, to build up national industries, to make the schools centres of Irish culture, to make every county and district council what was called an "outpost of Irish nationhood." The name of the policy was altered after a time from the "Hungarian policy" to the "Sinn Fein policy," and by "Sinn Fein" Griffith did not mean national selfishness, but national self-confidence and national self-dependence. He held that Ireland need not wait to be a nation until it obtained the consent of the British Parliament, but that every individual Irishman was the Irish nation in little—that it was in his power immediately to begin to rebuild the national life of his country, and by combination with others equally devoted and determined ultimately to regain its liberty.

Now it so happens that, but for that policy, the Irish Free State would not be in existence to-day. Many people seem to think that the Irish Free State was won by physical force assisted by the sympathies of those in England and in other countries who were outraged by the methods of the Black and Tans. The truth is, however, that what brought the last insurrection to a successful issue was that, unlike all other Irish movements of the kind, it was based on, or, at least, allied to, the passive resistance movement of Arthur Griffith. After the release of the 1916 prisoners, it is doubtful whether a new physical force movement could have been organised with any hope of success, if the framework of passive resistance had not been planned and brought into existence—a national Parliament set up in Dublin, national law courts set up and obeyed throughout the country, national police parading the streets within sight of the official police. It was this framework of passive resistance that enabled the Irish national movement to reorganise in the years after the war.

It is all the stranger to remember that a little before the war both Sinn Fein and the Irish Republican Brotherhood seemed to most people to be on the point of death. It has been said that at that time all the members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood could have been crowded into a concert-hall and, Griffith's attempt to run a daily paper having failed, his small party seemed to be disappearing for ever. The hope of Home Rule made the mass of Nationalist Irishmen indifferent to all rival policies. If Ulster had not armed it is possible that the ordinary Englishman to-day would never have known that such a policy as "Sinn Fein" existed.

It was of Griffith the man, however, not of his policy, that I thought when I read that last Sunday a procession of his fellow countrymen was forbidden to lay flowers on his tomb. History, I believe, will regard him as the greatest constructive mind—or, at least, the most effective constructive mind—that was ever devoted to Irish politics. His mind was in one sense narrow: he was capable of bitter injustice to political opponents. At the same time, he had a large-minded conception of nationality and wished to create an Irish civilisation that would be as acceptable ultimately to the old Unionists as to the Nationalists. Politically, he preached hatred of England, but he looked forward to peace with England as the ideal. "I want peace with England," he declared in one of his speeches, "but first let England take her one hand off Ireland's throat and her other hand out of Ireland's pocket." He automatically in the meantime took sides against England in international politics. His paper was suppressed during the war as a seditious organ. He immediately brought out another paper, *Scissors and Paste*, consisting exclusively of passages from the English press which had already been passed by the censor. He made these innocent passages look so seditious that *Scissors and Paste* was also suppressed.

He took no part in the rising of 1916, and, it is believed, was not in favour of it. He was arrested all the same, however, and kept in solitude in Wandsworth Gaol apart from the other prisoners as a specially dangerous revolutionary. He was the most cheerful of prisoners and made no attempt to prove his innocence. When he was offered his liberty on condition that he would sign a paper promising to abstain from revolutionary activity, he asked to be allowed to read it and then quietly tore it in pieces and threw it on the ground as his answer.

When he was allowed to mingle with his fellow-prisoners in another gaol, his calm cheerfulness did much to make prison life bearable to others. He was most cheerful when there was least obvious reason to be cheerful. He was equally imperturbable in Dublin in later years when men in his position lived in constant danger. High-strung, like all great journalists, he was, nevertheless, incapable either of panic or of despair, and the worse Dublin Castle behaved, the more confident he became of the approaching freedom of Ireland. When the Treaty came he was realist enough to see that here was a measure of freedom which, apart from the secession of the Six Counties, in effect repealed not only the Union but the Conquest. His fight for the Treaty and the strain of seeing a civil war raging over what seemed to him to be an empty phrase, just at the moment of triumph, killed him. Like John Mitchel, he "cared not twopence" for republicanism in the abstract; he cared only for the freedom of his country. One can scarcely think of him, indeed, without thinking of Mitchel—Mitchel of whom he once wrote: "When the Irish Nation needs explanation or apology for John Mitchel the Irish Nation will need its shroud." History, I imagine, will speak in the same terms of Arthur Griffith. Y. Y.

Correspondence

IMPERIALISM AT ITS WORST

SIR,—The account of the massacre of the Assyrians which appears in to-day's issue of the *Times* comes as no surprise to those who have served in Iraq.

These Assyrians came from Turkey towards the end of the war, having thrown in their lot with the Allies. The arrival of a warlike, Christian people was a godsend to the British Government, who were faced with general discontent in that turbulent country and they were soon organised into a force known as the Iraq Levies, a British paid force under the Colonial Office. During the next fourteen years they amply repaid their protectors, being used almost continuously on active service. The fact that they were so used naturally increased their unpopularity with the Mahomadan population of Iraq and at the same time the military training they received increased their already over-zealous martial ardour. It would have been imagined therefore that our Government, out of gratitude for their services and reasonable anxiety for their future safety, would have taken special pains to see that satisfactory arrangements were made for their future before they

gave up internal control of the new Arab kingdom. Unfortunately the safeguarding of "oil" concessions, Imperial communications, and the personal prestige of the senior British official appear to have been the only considerations which have guided the Home Government last year, when Iraq was recommended as a member of the League of Nations.

In June, 1932, the Assyrians, seeing the inevitable and cynical betrayal which was to be their lot, threw down their rifles and refused to continue serving in the Levies. The High Commissioner, thoroughly alarmed that his impending treaty might be upset, promised the Assyrian leader Mar Shimoon to give his case sympathetic consideration at Geneva and personally advised him to visit Geneva himself. The Mar Shimoon therefore persuaded his people to remain loyal.

It is interesting that the Mandates Commission at Geneva was highly sceptical as to the future of Iraq Minorities and especially as to the fate of the Assyrians, but here again the masterful diplomacy of our representative, who personally assured the unconvinced delegates that all was well in that country, won the day and the treaty was passed without the Assyrian question being settled. Subsequent events were inevitable, and foreseen by most local British officials. A British "settlement" officer was sent out to find land for the Assyrians, but the main guiding principle was necessarily to keep friendly with our new Arab ally. The only kind of settlement offered them was to split them into small, helpless communities amongst their own allies and to deny them even the modified self-government formerly allowed them by their old Turkish overlords. When the Mar Shimoon protested he was (and still is) kept a virtual prisoner in Baghdad.

A hot-headed section of the Assyrians were thus driven to despair and rebellion and now, this week, British officials have stood by and allowed an anti-Assyrian Arab official to turn the worst and most lawless Kurdish "irregulars"—in other words brigands—to massacre Assyrian villages, women and children.

It is doubtful if there exists a more disgusting betrayal of all the better principles of British Colonial policy.

St. Mary's Grange, PHILIP S. MUMFORD
Easthorpe, Kelvedon.

LIBERAL CONSTRUCTIVE GROUP

SIR,—The references in your issues of the 5th and 12th inst. to "Planning" and the need for a modern reinterpretation of Liberalism in the light of current economic tendencies appear at a moment when a few liberal Liberals are making an attempt to gather support for an effort on these lines. The Liberal Constructive Group—the name behind which a very rudimentary organisation shelters—has two general aims: first, to contribute to the study of national planning, its international aspects, constitutional implications, ways and means; second, to organise propaganda as to the need for the right kind of planning and the peril of leaving the job in the hands of organised sectional interests of the Right or Left. We believe that recent history shows the impossibility of building an international order on the basis of local anarchy.

The view that the sum total of innumerable *entrepreneur* actions produces the best result for the community and that the greatest measure of economic liberty gives the maximum amount and widest distribution of economic freedom seems to us to have lost its validity in conditions in which there are so many interferences with natural regulating forces. These interferences are so diverse in character and origin that any thought of their removal may be put aside. Liberal legislation—Unemployment Insurance, Trades Union emancipation, etc.—has necessarily brought inflexibility of wages in its train; monopolies, cartels, marketing zones and price stabilising arrangements of all kinds are gradually atrophising some parts, and exaggerating value fluctuations in other parts, of the self-adjusting apparatus. Political impediments to international trade currents are creating conditions which imply permanent changes in the character and conditions of commercial intercourse between nations. We do not, however, deny the possibility that another period of transient and ill-distributed prosperity may be on the way.

Our view is that nothing short of central co-ordination and regulation of the several branches of economic activity will give the mass of the people adequate stability and security or provide a permanent solution to the unemployment problem. A kind of reflex action to chaos is producing a vicious crop of public and private "plans" of the worst type which penalise the consumer, subsidise inefficiency, and tend further to harden the economic structure. Sectional planning, however well devised, will not solve, and may intensify, the communal problem unless centrally co-ordinated—that is the essential characteristic and key-point of a planned system as we see it.

It is easy to enumerate the many difficulties and dangers in the practical working out of such a plan—but who can look round the world and deny that the evolution of something of the kind is inevitable? If so, is it not of the first importance that the design and construction should be liberal in the truest and fullest sense of the word? Liberalism, of course, is greater than any party organisation, but we are convinced that there will soon be no instrument available to unite and make effective the Liberal forces, at present diffused, unless a policy really appropriate to modern conditions is evolved.

HAROLD C. COWEN, Chairman
F. W. ADAMS, Vice-Chairman

Members of Council:
O. L. LAWRENCE, BETTY L. ARNE,
S. D. HERINGTON, (Mrs.) C. F. G. MASTERMAN,
E. W. WALKER, J. MARGARET HERINGTON
Liberal Constructive Group,
23A Craven Street, W C.2.

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR,—Your reviewer refers to the famous "Black Hussar" letter given by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott* as a forgery, but has he, or anyone else, a definite proof of this? The obvious conclusion of an impartial reader is as follows:

Immediately upon the receipt of Blackwood's proposal, Scott replied to Ballantyne in the irritation of the moment with the words quoted by Lockhart—

> Dear James,—I have received Blackwood's impudent proposal. G—d d—his soul! etc.

Possibly the note was written after an evening's conviviality, but, however that may be, Scott, in a second letter, wrote more fully, confirming what he had already said, and giving Ballantyne to understand that he was quite serious in his objection to the proposal, that his first letter was not written merely out of annoyance, and that he could on no account alter his story. This was the letter which Ballantyne "quoted," and which still survives, though it was never seen by Lockhart. The first note has disappeared, and may some day come to light.

There is no evidence that Lockhart *gleefully* printed Ballantyne's version in the footnote to his second edition, or that in using the word "amused" he was guilty of a venomous *meiosis*. On the contrary, it is clear that Lockhart meant precisely what he said. He was not so lacking in common sense as to imagine that such a trifle would blacken the character of Ballantyne, for he knew quite well that the public would know all about the latter from Scott's letters.

In any case, Scott's second letter to Ballantyne was not of such a nature as to reduce a biographer to forgery. Had Lockhart come across it he could quite well have used it as *Schadenfreude*, though it is not apparent that he wished to do any such thing. And as for Ballantyne's version of it, it seems clear that Lockhart printed this in ignorance as an amusing example of the adaptation of Scott's language to the feelings of Blackwood. It is impossible to detect any venom or dishonesty here. A. C. GISSING

[Our reviewer writes: "As Mr. Gissing's letter begins by assuming what it sets out to prove, viz., Lockhart's innocence, it really answers itself. A significant detail pointed out by Professor Grierson is that in the first edition of the *Life* Lockhart makes Scott speak of 'Blackwood's impudent *letter*.' In later editions this has been altered to 'Blackwood's impudent *proposal*,' because Lockhart afterwards found that Blackwood's complaint had been made to Ballantyne—orally and not by letter."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TORTURE IN CHINA

SIR,—I have read in your issue of August 5th, 1933, the interesting review of the two recently published books on China. I observe that your reviewer states: ". . . she is wrong, alas, in asserting that medieval tortures are no longer practised by the Chinese." May I be allowed to point out that this is a mistake, for torture was legally *abolished* more than twenty years

ago, in 1912. I should be glad if you could see your way to publish this correction. S. I. HSIUNG

[Our reviewer replies: "With reference to Mr. Hsiung's interesting letter, I should like to point out that, if torture has been *legally* abolished, so has opium-smoking; and, he would not, I imagine, deny that opium is still smoked and grown. I did not, in my review, suggest that torture was officially countenanced; I confined myself to remarking that it was, nevertheless, practised—witness the Tsinanfu atrocities in 1927, of which I myself have seen the most terrible photographic evidence. There is no doubt that, on this occasion, a large number of prisoners, both men and women, were systematically and ingeniously tortured to death. I should also like to have Mr. Hsiung's opinion of Chiang Kai-shek's treatment of his Communist prisoners, after the abortive Shanghai rising of 1927. In modern China, as Mr. Hsiung must surely realise, there is often, to say the least of it, a considerable difference between abolition in fact and by decree!"—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

A PROBLEM

SIR,—I do not often peruse your paper as, to be quite frank, I do not approve of its dangerous and, as I think, subversive pacifism—my late husband, of course, was a Colonel, and but for the interference of *certain persons*, would have been a Major-General—but I am told that you have a vogue among schoolmasters, and persons of that class, who might be interested in examining what seems to be a "problem." An old drum, long in possession of my family, and known (I cannot think why) as the Malplaquet Drum, has recently come to pieces, and one of its parchments was found to have on it the words which appear below:

"EQUES ENUCLEAT CASTANEAM

quantum	est	quantum	nata	annorum	et	annorum
Anna	annorum	nata	Annae	nata	quantum	tantum
quattuor	Anna	ter	nata	ter	tantum	Mariae
tantum	fuit	tantum	quantum	erit	bis	Maria
fuit	et	Anna	fuit	annorum	aetatium	dimidio
cum	Maria	anni	Maria	Anna	fuit	est
quadraginta	cum	erit	cum	Maria	fuit	summa

QUOT ANNOS NATA EST MARIA?"

I am told the above is written in Latin, a language which I have never studied and of which my late husband thought but little; I might add that Maria, by a curious coincidence, was the name of one of his grandmothers.

The Aurucarias, Godalming. VERONICA PLUSH-MONKEGH

[We are sorry to learn that Lady Plush-Monkegh disapproves of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. But the problem she kindly sends may perhaps interest our "Playtime" readers and it is referred to by Caliban this week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ARTHUR MACHEN

SIR,—I am collecting material for my *Life of Arthur Machen* to appear next spring. I should be grateful if any of your readers who possess any scarce pamphlets or letters, or who can throw any light on the life or work of this author, would communicate with me. JOHN GAWSWORTH

33 Great James Street,
Gray's Inn, W.C.1.

APROPOS DES BOTTES

SIR,—Once again a magistrate has severely rebuked provincials for coming to London in search of employment instead of decaying peacefully in their own areas. This time they were stigmatised as foreigners, the bench no doubt implying that a system of internal passports with Ministry of Labour visas is required to deal with the situation.

Apropos of nothing in particular, what has happened to the good old English custom of taking off the right boot and hurling it from the dock at the head of the presiding cadi?

London, N.W. G. L. SCHWARTZ

P.S.—It may have been the left boot and I am open to correction on this point.

Miscellany

THE BLIND COW

By LLEWELYN POWYS

ON that wild free stretch of the Dorset coast lying between Weymouth and Lulworth there is a secluded beach protected on the right by the promontory of Bat's Head and on the left by the natural arch of oolite rock called Barn Door or Durdle Door.

Of all the cliffs in the neighbourhood Bat's Head is the most favoured by seafowl as a nesting place. On precipitous ledges formed by tussocks of cliff grass the herring gulls in the spring cluster in great numbers, and if you peer over the dizzy edge of the downs at the egg hatching time, you can see their innumerable nestlings, suggesting small brown owls transported from dusty barns and towers to confront a limitless sky outstretched above the Channel waves glittering bright in the sun.

High above these precarious nesting places of the gulls are certain narrow clefts which the guillemots, for time out of mind, have selected for their stately Mandarin courtships; while dotted about on the bare face of the enormous bastion cormorants may be seen, black satanic images set each one in its appointed niche on this cyclopean temple wall of purest Parian. The rugged crevices of the Durdle Door are less suitable as nesting retreats, and unless the ravens happen to select one of these hollows for their February breeding the celebrated arch seldom shelters permanent tenants at the time of the spring clamour. Between Bat's Head and the Durdle Door, some hundred yards out to sea, there protrudes an ugly rock known to the fisherman below and to the shepherds above as the Blind Cow.

In the summer it is possible for adventurous bathers to swim out to it, but during the winter months the rock remains unvisited, a sullen obstacle to the incoming waves that, week after week, continue to launch their strength upon it, dissipating their power in white fountains of foam that seem to remain for a moment suspended in the air before falling once more into the turbulent eddying waters on the rock's leeward side.

I have seen the Blind Cow Rock at all hours of the day and in all seasons, until it has come to symbolise in my mind the obdurate reality of matter, of determined unimplicated matter, against which the sensitive spray of life throughout the millenniums has dashed itself in vain. The faithful ewe turning her head to smell at the wagging tail of her lamb as it thrusts ruthlessly, repeatedly, for her sweet milk, is under the subjection of the Blind Cow. The lark is at the mercy of the same discipline, as it pours out its thrilling melody for the ears of its mate, couchant below in the grass, her light thighs daintily flexed and the dew of the morning still sparkling upon her dorsal feathers. Nor is the hungry mackerel free, as with a shimmer of its rainbow body it goes sharking after its prey through the curling sea troughs. Yet out of the obedience of the dutiful ewe, out of the poetry in the fragile, crested head of the lark, out of the expert precision of the fish's flashing body it is conceivable that there does rise a certain whisper of hope challenging to the sottish absolute domination of the Blind Cow.

I have often entertained this fancy, especially towards the evening, when, as the sun draws down over the island of Portland, the whole coast line is held under a vesper benediction, as if the peace of God that passes all understanding was in very truth present and offering some ineffable assurance

to the samphire patches, to the seakale, and indeed to all the spindrift litter of the foreshore, with its shells, and congregated paradise pebbles.

I felt this mood very strongly yesterday afternoon. Never had I seen the Bat's Head beach looking more clear, more fresh, its stern Homeric beauty tempered by the grace of a February twilight quick with intimations of the approach of another summer. Soon I knew the flowering blackthorns, the flowering May trees, the flowering elder trees would be offering their provocative opulence in successive progression until once again the cornfields would be standing thick with the grain of man's bread, a rustling fairy-forest environment to the mice, to the frogs, to the grasshoppers, and to all those unnoticed insects born to explore with indefatigable accuracy each bended corn leaf.

Surely, surely, cried my mutinous heart to its master, your life-long conviction is here and now refuted. In the light of such illative feeling, of such inborn confidence, your proud reason must certainly falter and come to confess the possibility of there being, as the faithful affirm, some elusive secret, some spiritual essence in the universe that owes no homage to the Blind Cow.

As I advanced along the noisy shingle, it did seem just then that there had been vouchsafed a positive sign that good hope lies at the bottom of life. During those heightened moments I might have been walking upon a shoal of infinity, upon a sea-bank of eternity, actual but at the same time transcendental.

In this fond mood, I approached the diminutive hidden beach overshadowed by the Durdle Door. I now became aware of the presence of a bird under the great rock. It was a guillemot standing alone on the shingle in the afternoon's sunlight. It made no attempt to fly away and as I drew near I noticed that its body was shivering. Not wishing to alarm it I stood still. I had guessed what was the matter. Except for a few feathers about its neck all the white plumage of its breast was matted thick with the brown substance of the foul oil with which modern shipping contaminates the sea. As soon as the bird realised that I intended to do it no harm it resumed its task of trying to get itself clean. Periodically it would open its wings and flap them in a fruitless effort to amend the condition of their feathers, though the filaments of each single one, so Daedalus-created for a privileged buoyancy, were in actual fact ruined for ever.

Before now I have carried these unfortunate birds home and have done what I could to clean them with paraffin oil and petrol, but invariably they have died, perhaps from fright, perhaps from despair. I believe now that it is best, as Hudson teaches, to leave these children of nature in the arms of their strong and terrible mother.

As I walked away I could see the guillemot in its simplicity, in its innocency, trying to preen itself with nervous assiduity as though it still thought a few more well-directed pecks would render it once more free to fly over the waves after its odd mechanical fashion. Down to my very marrow bones I knew for certain that the Blind Cow rules all. Man, deft in contrivance; man, that self-interested self-absorbed, semi-conscious, semi-civil animal has by this evil heedlessly added one more morsel of misery to the ocean of earth sorrow *and nothing said*. In this sad world what strong arm, human or divine, can be relied upon to rescue the abused, the oppressed, the betrayed?

Let us not be deceived. All life destroys other life to live. This is the natural and irreversible law of existence. Benevolence, malfeasance, it is all one, no difference whatever. To try to contend against stupidity and cruelty is to engage in a cause that was lost from the beginning of time. In death alone is the hope of the unhappy, in that utter annihilation that brings a fortunate peace to restless life. Make no doubt, there never has been a particle of truth in those simple and beautiful words of Jesus. They represent the passionate wish of a deluded poet, and that is all. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

THE PROMENADES

THE return of the "Promenades," which now offer a feast of orchestral music nightly to the public for eight weeks, suggests to me the question whether musicians ever get tired of music? It is my experience that they do not, for they seem tirelessly ready to perform at any and all hours of the day and night while an audience is ready to listen to them. And for the most part when they are not performing they are practising. No doubt they take holidays like other people, but I have known musicians who practised on their holidays—a kind of iniquity unknown to any other class of human beings except, perhaps, painters who take their palette, brushes and easel wherever they go. Painters also share this perpetual concern with their art and think and talk of little else. Writers have not this obsession with their work, and perhaps one explanation is that in both painting and music the handicraft is of much more obvious and tangible importance than in literature. Young pianists will discuss for hours details of stance and style, giving to these matters the same importance as the golfer or cricketer, an importance which to the layman often seems excessive and even morbid. Surely, he thinks—or perhaps I ought to say *I* think—the born pianist, golfer or cricketer does these things instinctively or acquires them as the French proverb describes, namely, by blacksmithing one becomes a blacksmith! However, it is no doubt the interest in these and other technical matters which sustains the mental energy of musicians, for if they were constantly listening to the music as music in its absolute appearance and finality surely they could not stand so much of it!

For myself I have to admit that my appetite for music is not what it was. I can do with less and less of it, and I find myself wilting before a long concert programme, whilst some of the evenings at the "Promenades" fill me in mere anticipation with misery. The substance of a great deal of music is of very small account. It is not much more—and often much less—than the equivalent of saying: "it is a fine rainy day"; or, "it is good open weather"; or, "it is pouring sunshine." It will be admitted that none of these phrases are exactly banalities, but neither are they of such subtilty and beauty that one could go on hearing them with pleasure day after day. On the other hand it is possible to imagine a speaker, male or female, uttering them with such grace, freshness and charm that they held one tranced with pleasure. Well, of course, this is why we go to hear the same works played over and over again by different musicians, and it is true that occasionally we do get not only satisfaction but a new experience. This is what we all live and hope for when we go to concerts, we who are old and experienced concert-goers.

But this is not the sort of pleasure we are likely to find at the "Promenades." Even Sir Henry Wood has admitted that he has to grit his teeth (these aren't his words) and get down to it and ruthlessly exclude all calls upon his energy and endurance in order to survive a Promenade season. For at the "Proms" we are given rarely more than the bare substance of music. The celebrated masterpieces of celebrated composers are presented to us much as our English cooks present to those who dine in England on our celebrated English vegetables—the cabbage, the cauliflower, the turnip, the marrow, the parsnip and the carrot; all are produced high, dry and recognisable or damp, low but still recognisable for audible consumption. So at the "Proms" we get Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Mozart, Tschaikovsky, Handel and Haydn served up solidly and conscientiously in their native excellence. It is a tribute to their intrinsic virtues that a large number of genuine music lovers can relish them yeara fter year, for the musical cooks (Sir Henry Wood and his fellow musicians of the orchestra) are kept too busy to do more than avoid spoiling what they serve.

It may be that I am suffering from an attack of musical indigestion, but I have noticed in the past how extraordinarily tough most of my musical colleagues seem to be. Often, in the

course of an orchestral concert I will leave my seat for an item in order to get a rest from the unceasing battery at my ears, but I rarely find a colleague who is doing the same. There are, definitely, numbers of compositions I do not ever want to hear again, no matter who plays them or conducts them. To give a list of these without including the composition of living musicians would be most unfair to the dead. But if I follow the current fervour of patriotism in which every European country seems to be submerged and name only foreign composers whose works disenchant me I shall be fairly safe, and in addition will gain approval from English musicians. Let me say then that I never again want to hear that celebrated Italian, Vittorio Respighi, in any of his symphonic lucubrations about the *Pines* or the *Fountains* or any other of the *Misfortunes of Rome*. Nor do I care to endure again Monsieur Ravel's *Bolero* or—but the names of a number of English works come rushing to my pen and I must not mention them.

During the past week we have not had a great deal to try our patience at the "Proms." The Wagner night and the Bach night were an ordeal, but this is the sort of ordeal that an athlete has to go through if he is to be a man, and nobody who couldn't endure an orgy of Wagner and of Bach could pretend to be a musician. Next week is the comparative quiescence of *Parsifal* on the Wagner night and the Wednesday is a festival of Brahms, who is more easy to endure as he is less susceptible to the grinding and milling process by which Bach is made good for one—all the vitamins being carefully extracted and laid dead upon one's plate. The César Franck symphony on Tuesday is rather an ordeal, but being served with a (to me) equally unappetising morsel of a quite different kind, namely, the Vaughan-Williams pianoforte concerto in C, I think the two together may go very well and neutralise each other's ill effects upon my musical constitution, especially as they are both to be washed down with a draught of Ravel's unintoxicating *Valse*. A new pianist, Mr. Kendall Taylor, will, I hope, be a pleasure to hear in Beethoven's delightfully mathematical *Concerto in C Major*, and there is a good concert of Haydn, Mozart, and Hindemith on Thursday.

The week after we are to have a real pleasure in the Berlioz-Strauss concert on Tuesday the 29th. This to my mind is likely to be the most enjoyable concert of the whole "Prom" season if Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra let themselves go a bit and don't get too intense and heavy-handed. Everything is by Berlioz except Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*, the only work by Richard Strauss worthy to be placed in the same programme as the *Symphonie Fantastique*. But first-rate as *Till Eulenspiegel* is, it will, I think, show most musicians on this evening the difference between a fine and talented composer, one of the most remarkable musicians of the century, and a rare genius like Berlioz of the kind that comes once and never again. After this Berlioz-Strauss concert there will be a terrific Wednesday night orgy of Bach which, if only men's bodies were more sensitive, would result in the floor of the Queen's Hall being strewn with corpses. But I will give to those who are liable to be knocked out by these Bach nights a sure antidote. Just take a little of the next night of Sir Thomas Beecham's favourite composer, Frederick Delius. That is a certain cure for the worst surfeit of Bach. It may even make you feel that Bach is the greatest composer who has ever lived.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Eisteddfod

The Welsh National Eisteddfod has just ended. This year it was held at Wrexham. The weather was perfect, the audiences large and as enthusiastic as usual, and the financial success is assured. Whether it was an artistic success or not depends on the point of view. As we all know by now the Welsh are a musically gifted race, but are content to wrap their talent in a napkin. They are intensely indolent, and care little about developing their powers by hard work and training. Dowered for the most part with lovely, open voices, they waste these on the most trivial compositions.

Of course the high spots of the National Eisteddfod are the Chief Choral Competitions. The verve and spirit with which these were contested must have been a revelation to newcomers to the festival—not that there can be many of these, for the same people come to the contests year after year. The winners came from South Wales, but a choir from Sale in Cheshire ran them very close, and in the opinion of many were superior.

It was gratifying to note that two experiments were tried this year—the one successful, the other not. The first was a performance of *Everyman* in Welsh, the spirit of which gloomy Mystery proved very acceptable to the Calvinistic outlook of so many Welsh people. It was excellently produced by a Viennese director. The second experiment was the performance of Delius' *Mass of Life*. It was a poor performance, and, apart from this, the somewhat flat-footed and tentative strains of the music found no contacts with the Welsh mentality. Fed on Handel, these people prefer roast beef to bread and milk.

It only remains to say that Mr. Lloyd George was accorded his usual rapturous welcome, and the mid-Victorian Bardic ceremonies contained the usual mixture of *abracadabra* and facetiousness, and still drew crowds to the Gorsedd stone.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 18th—
Cricket, R.N. and R.M. *v.* R.A.F., Lord's.

SATURDAY, August 19th—
Highland Gathering, Crieff.

MONDAY, August 21st—
Lawn Tennis, North of England Championships, Scarborough.

TUESDAY, August 22nd—
"Is Life Worth Living?" Ambassadors Theatre.
"Rope," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, August 23rd—
Flower Show, Southport.

THURSDAY, August 24th—
"The Ace," Lyric Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the last half of the seventeenth century Delft, as we know from the paintings of Vermeer, was a beautiful city of lovely brick houses and a flourishing centre of that peaceful bourgeois life on which European culture and civilisation is founded. Vermeer and lesser artists painted there, the famous anatomist De Graaf practised medicine, and a draper, who was for many years chamberlain to the sheriffs and afterwards an alderman of the town, became famous throughout the world for his scientific researches. This was Antony van Leeuwenhoek (pronounced Laywenhook) whose life and part of whose work has been admirably chronicled by Mr. Clifford Dobell, F.R.S., in a big volume called *Antony van Leeuwenhoek and His Little Animals* (Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 31*s.* 6*d.*). Besides being a draper, Leeuwenhoek was a qualified surveyor and the wine-gauger to the sheriffs, and rich enough to go away for an occasional holiday to the seaside. But every moment of his spare time was filled with his absorbing hobby—of looking at one object after another, and studying it for day after day through his "microscopes." These were not, as a matter of fact, microscopes at all. Although the compound microscope had already been invented, Leeuwenhoek seems to have had nothing to do with it, and his instruments were single bi-convex lenses held in a hole between two metal plates riveted together, with an arrangement of thumbscrews by which the object to be examined could be brought exactly into focus. Leeuwenhoek ground these lenses himself, using very good glass or sometimes rock-crystal. He left a bequest of twenty-five of these "microscopes," with specimens under them, to the Royal Society and, after his daughter's death, 247 completely finished "microscopes," and 172 other lenses, all ground by himself, were sold at auction. Some of these simple bi-convex lenses must have been extremely good. All but a very few have disappeared, but one which was examined last century is recorded as magnifying 270 diameters.

* * *

Errors of every sort have accumulated around Leeuwenhoek. He is described as a surgeon, as "the inventor of the microscope," his name is mis-spelled and his discoveries misinterpreted and mistranslated and fathered on to others. This mass of error is largely due to the fact that he knew no language but Dutch and that his translators had never seen, and could not imagine, the objects which he was describing. Mr. Dobell, finding it impossible to trust the Latin or English versions, has taken the trouble to master seventeenth-century Dutch and has, wherever possible, read Leeuwenhoek's original autograph letters. But this, as he says, is the least of his qualifications:

> The only qualification I can justly claim is that I have spent all my time and energies, all my life, in studying the micro-organisms which Leeuwenhoek discovered, and consequently I imagine that I know the subject-matter of his writings on protozoa and bacteria as no mere scholar or philologist can ever hope to know it. . . .

Mr. Dobell as a matter of fact probably knows more about those "little animals" the protista than any living man of science and nobody but he could possibly have written this book, a labour of love,

> which has been written at irregular intervals and under very great difficulties—mostly in the dead of night (between midnight and 3 a.m.) after a hard day's work at my own researches. . . . It has been twenty years a-writing. . . .

Mr. Dobell's incentive to undertake it was that whatever work he took up he found that Leeuwenhoek had been the first in the field, discovering the infusoria, the protozoa living inside frogs, the bacteria and spirochaetes living in the human mouth, and the intestinal protozoa of man.

* * *

Introduced in the first place by his eminent fellow-townsman, De Graaf, Leeuwenhoek became for fifty years a regular correspondent of the Royal Society, writing discursively in Dutch rather homely accounts of his own experiments:

> He sets down his views—frequently quite mistaken and even ridiculous views—with childish and charming simplicity, and he has no feeling of embarrassment in telling the Royal Society the most intimate details about his blood, his sweat or his urine . . . because he always imagines he is recording matters of scientific interest and he knows by instinct that in registering his observations he ought not to withhold any data which may possibly have a bearing upon his findings. Yet he always presents his results in a way which, despite the imperfections of his language and his lack of scientific education, is a model for all other workers. He never confuses his facts with his speculations.

The following passage, translated by Mr. Dobell from the famous letter, Number 18, on pepper-water, gives an astonishingly vivid picture of a scene under the microscope—a big ciliate lying among bacteria:

> And albeit I could as yet distinguish no feet on the said animalcules none the less I imagined that they must be furnished with many very little ones for the very smallest animalcules (whereof I have already said there were a great many in this water and of which more than a 100 sometimes lay about one of the little oval creatures) were driven away from the bigger ones by the motion which these made in the water (even when the big animalcules themselves seemed to me simply to lie still without stirring at all) just as if you were to blow feathers from your mouth.

Mr. Dobell identifies the large oval animalcule as *Colpidium*. He must have had a good deal of fun repeating experiments and finding out exactly what Leeuwenhoek did see. The weakness of this book is that its author has confined himself to the events of his hero's life and his work on the protozoa and bacteria. As he says himself in the introduction, this

> was merely an incident in a life crowded with discoveries—real and imaginary. For example, Leeuwenhoek's observations on insects, rotifers and a host of other animalcules are equally remarkable; his researches on blood-corpuscles and the capillary circulation are already classics; his comparative studies of spermatozoa now stand as a landmark in the history of Biology; his discovery of parthenogenesis (in aphids) and of budding in an animal (Hydra) are too notorious almost for comment: while his other investigations in anatomy, histology, physiology, embryology, zoology, botany, chemistry, crystallography and physics only await editors for their proper appreciation.

* * *

The seventeenth century was, if I may be allowed to make use of botanical terminology, a photo-tropic even if not a completely enlightened age, and Leeuwenhoek's discoveries brought him glory and renown during his lifetime. First came his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society. The diploma was written out for his benefit in Dutch and sent him in a silver box engraved with the arms of the Society. Later on, in his old age, the University of Louvain sent him a silver medal, but in the meantime he was visited by swarms of distinguished and inquisitive persons. To Peter the Great and Queen Mary of England he seems to have presented "microscopes," but less distinguished visitors were not always so welcome, as they were incredulous of his explanations.

> Mr. Leeuwenhoek . . . consequently makes flies into something better than so many Arguses; for he is of opinion that a fly, according to his view, has more than a hundred, nay, more than a thousand, eyes; which is only one of this good man's extraordinary notions, which seem wont to have more of ingenuity than foundation.

Leeuwenhoek was, unfortunately, a bad draughtsman and drawings made for him by other hands suffer not only because the untrained observer cannot always see very much but because Leeuwenhoek had a secret which he did not care to impart to anyone. How indeed could he have seen and accurately described bacteria with a single lens? His secret was his method of using it and Mr. Dobell explains it thus: "he had in the course of his experiments hit upon some simple method of *dark-ground illumination*." And in one of his early letters Leeuwenhoek speaks of "globules (corpuscles) in the blood as sharp and clean as one can distinguish with one's own eyes, without any help of glasses, *sand grains that one might bestrew upon a piece of black taffety silk*." Anyone who has ever used it will know that Leeuwenhoek could only have thought of that comparison if he had employed dark-ground illumination.

DAVID GARNETT

WHAT FRANCE MEANS TO EUROPE

The Spirit of France. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. Translated by ALAN HARRIS. *Duckworth.* 8s. 6d.

The late Mr. Cohen-Portheim was among the most brilliant of the "non-Aryan" German intellectuals to whom German culture owes so much, as the world will presently observe. This book has the same qualities of observation, insight and brilliant generalisation—sometimes convincing and sometimes less so—as *England, the Unknown Isle*, but it is less a book about France than, as its German title indicated, a book about the relations between France and Europe. The author sets out to prove a thesis, namely, that the French spirit is of unique importance to Europe and that only by the agency of France can a new and united Europe be created. The purpose of the historical summary, which occupies fourteen of its nineteen chapters, is, as the author says in his preface, to lead to that conclusion, with which the present reviewer agrees. There must be something unique about a country which, as a great French writer said, inspires sometimes hatred and sometimes affection, but never indifference. Every civilised people is more interested in France than in any other foreign country—that is a commonplace of journalism.

The Revolution, as Mr. Cohen-Portheim says, was "France's greatest gift to Europe," and "a European success on the part of the Revolution would pretty certainly have led to the immediate establishment of a European Republic." But the French nation had to defend the Revolution against the rest of the world and, to quote our author again, "thus the Revolution, which had set out to liberate and to unite the whole human race, at the same time created in Nationalism the greatest obstacle to that union." All this has been said before by Anatole France and others, but it is profoundly true and it cannot be said too often.

Mr. Cohen-Portheim is right in saying that France can now fulfil her vocation of uniting Europe because the French genius has become once more "super-national." That is even more true now than it was eight years ago, when this book was written. France is once more in spirit the "France of Voltaire and Montesquieu." He is right, too, in saying that, although Paris is not France and is in many respects its exact antithesis, it is through Paris that France comes into touch with the outside world and "Paris matters more to the rest of the world than to France itself." This being so, Mr. Cohen-Portheim is naturally concerned about the question whether, in view of post-war changes, Paris will be able to continue to fulfil its function as "a super-European intellectual capital," and he rightly has doubts about it. He says:

> It is paradoxical but true that its position as a super-national city is endangered by its excess of foreigners; for it has only been able to maintain it in the past, and can only do so now by retaining its essential character. It can only remain European by remaining Parisian, remaining French.

Now more than ever his fears are justified. The cancer of Montparnasse is gradually pervading the whole organism, and unless it is eradicated Paris will become, to quote Mr. Cohen-Portheim again, "an international Luna Park instead of the intellectual capital of Europe."

As is not unnatural, the author goes a bit wrong in dealing with the religious life of France. It is true, as he says, that the French are in the main a non-mystical people and, if they "put on Christ" at all, it is as a garment lightly worn; but there is and always has been a really religious minority. To set off Richelieu and Mazarin as "France's great Catholic names" against St. Theresa in Spain or St. Francis in Italy is an absurdity. What about St. Vincent de Paul or even Pascal? Nor is it at all true that Puritanism is alien and incomprehensible to Frenchmen. After all Calvin was a Frenchman and France was at one time within an ace of becoming a Protestant country. Besides, Puritanism is just as Catholic as it is Protestant—it is essentially Christian—and the Catholic variety is perhaps more prurient and more obsessed by sex. Jansenism was intensely Puritan, and most really religious French Catholics have still a touch of Jansenism. The present reviewer has known French Catholic households in which the children were never allowed to take a bath without being clad in a long garment, and bran was put in the water to remove its transparency.

Two of the most interesting historical chapters are those on Voltaire and Napoleon. The author over-rates Louis XIV. M. Seignobos is nearer the truth when he says that by his policy of magnificence Louis XIV destroyed the work of Richelieu and Mazarin. Incidentally, Mr. Cohen-Portheim attributes to Louis XIV the foundation of the French Academy, which was founded by Richelieu in 1634, four years before Louis XIV was born. It is hardly accurate to say that Jeanne d'Arc "has remained even down to the present day" the symbol of France. She was never regarded as such until the nineteenth century, when her cult was artificially worked up to provide a patron saint for the Nationalism issued from the Revolution. And it is an anachronism to say that "she freed her country from the domination of the foreigner." In a war between two French sovereigns she took the side of her liege lord. Had the French King of England won the victory he would no doubt have transferred his capital from London to Paris, and England would have become a French province.

As has been said, this book was written eight years ago, in the golden age of Locarno, and published in Germany in 1926. Had its author lived to see the return of Germany to barbarism he would have had to revise his last chapter. He could not now say with such confidence that "Nationalism has no future," nor could he remain of the same opinion about the possibility of a Franco-German understanding. Before France or anybody else can create a new and united Europe the new invasion of the barbarians must be mastered and repulsed, and it can be mastered only by force, disagreeable as it is to have to acknowledge it.

It is a pity that somebody did not read the proofs before the book was published. There are too many printers' errors. On pages 70 and 71 nonsense is made of several sentences by the misplacement or omission of whole lines. ROBERT DELL

SPANIARD AND INDIAN

Eight Republics In Search of a Future. By ROSITA FORBES. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

Tia Barbarita. By BARBARA PEART. *Faber.* 15s.

Mexico Before Cortez. By J. ERIC THOMPSON. *Scribners.* 10s. 6d.

It is one of the ironies of ethnology that South America, the richest of continents, should be in the hands of peoples who inherit the frugal Spanish peasant desire to find the minimum that will support life, who live rather as autonomous sensibilities than as social creatures. The American business "idealism" with its slogan "Increase your wants" is therefore wasted on the masses of South America. Even the millionaire minority with its lands, mines and interests is more inclined to the complementary extreme of ostentation than to the steady middle class demand for gadgets and comforts. In addition, of course, the vast semi-Indian masses could not afford to buy if they wanted to do so, the raw material market has collapsed, the foreign financiers who have bought their way into the *Eight Republics in Search of a Future* are anathema, their dummy dictators are in gaol, the universities have gone Communist, the skyscrapers are uninhabited cages, the millionaires and feudal landowners are ruined gamblers waiting for the lucky number to turn up again, and there stands only a small, but for the first time vocal, middle class between a collapsing feudal-plutocracy and Communist revolution. Life is cheap and there is nothing strange nor disconcerting in violence and death. (In Mexico, to quote Mr. Eric Thompson, the Aztec tradition of intimacy with death is prolonged in such happy habits as the holding of picnics in cemeteries on All Soul's Night.) Such is a brief summary of Miss Rosita Forbes' judgment, not dissimilar from the shocked and cooler opinions of M. André Siegfried, and she has written a surprisingly observant, shrewd and well-informed book. She has not abandoned the picturesque—indeed her book is most remarkable for its ready pictures—but she no longer inflates it in her earlier Wurlitzer manner. An innoculation with the O. Henry serum, or something like it, is indispensable to the traveller anywhere in the New World.

But the Communism she sees with one eye is dismissed by the other. The positive desire to live on a minimum amid plenty has to be recognised in the poverty of the Indian. Against the corruptibility of the armies, there is to be put the psychological preference for outstanding personalities and in consequence for factions, as against doctrines. The strangest imponderables play a part. Socialist Uruguay, with its good justice, its solemn processions of school-children, its Watch Committees on the beaches, its lack of religion, its embarassment with a large population of over-educated people—i.e., there are not enough jobs for the educated—has its trades union vendettas run on the best American racketeering lines, and if the sentiments heard in the smart shops are Tolstoyan, the manner is that of "*Babbit*." Paraguay, on the other hand, regarded as ideal soil for Communism, resists it

with comic nervousness and success. A passion for frontier war, lasting for two generations, has gradually turned this country into a matriarchate! Argentine melancholy and industry has produced not only an ornate feudalism wedded to a New England snobbery but also a Radical barrier against excess. Brazil, the happy country, with royal traditions and the adaptable suavity of Portuguese culture, burns all its coffee but has merely to scratch the soil and wait for the fruit to drop from the trees in order to find that minimum which will not shorten the long siesta of living.

Tia Barbarita is a personal memoir of a life lived in the Argentine and Mexico with genuine Irish happy-go-luckiness during the last forty or fifty years. The book has spirit and temperament and must be read not only for its pictures of life in the pampas and in Mexico before the revolution, which are vivid enough, but for the alarming and delightful personality revealed. *Tia Barbarita* came out of one of the "mad" Irish families, and to escape from two engagements married a young man home from the Argentine at the age of seventeen. Ignorant of "the facts of life" and remaining so, indeed, for some time after her marriage, the candid old lady describes her farcical marriage, the horrors and humours of life on the pampas, her periodical journeys on horseback to Madame Que Voulez Vous, the midwife fifty or a hundred miles away, with infectious gusto. Once or twice she was left to bear her child alone, while revolutionaries carried off the horses, or locusts stripped the pasturage, bandits appeared on the roads, and drought killed the cattle. Amid catastrophe she flirted, being, as she says, of a cold nature, and rode horses wildly round the countryside.

Many steps deeper is *Mexico Before Cortez*, which is a popularised account of the Aztec, Texcocans and other tribes of the valley of Mexico, their history, arts and social organisation. Through the eyes of this American student the absolute Emperor whom the Spaniards saw in Montezuma becomes the weak president of the board of a financial trust, while the custom of blood sacrifice which horrified the Spaniards, is drily shown to have been merely a utilitarian alternative to killing the enemy in battle. But for the irresolution of Montezuma the conquest of Mexico might have been long delayed; but there is also no doubt that intensive wars would have destroyed the tribes. Four hundred years of conquest have produced dominant types from strangely congenial races. Primitive love of display, and Spanish ostentation, Spanish fanaticism and the modern Indian's religious atavism, Spanish frugality and peon poverty, the common sense of the presence of death as a near and living thing, the Indian mysticism of blood sacrifice and the Spanish mystical stress on the sight of blood, are remarkable parallels. It is one of the poetic justices of history that South America should have been conquered by the Spaniards. To the Spanish stoic and the indifferent Indian, the land of fantastic extremes of riches and poverty.

V. S. PRITCHETT

STOCK-TAKING AT CAMBRIDGE

Cambridge University Studies. Edited by HAROLD WRIGHT, M.A. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

Schemes have probably been projected many times, in the minds of schoolboys, whereby the masters are to sit for an examination to be corrected by the boys. Insuperable obstacles prevent such schemes from being put into operation. Mr. Harold Wright, however, has accomplished something similar, but on a much grander scale than any schoolboy would dare to contemplate. He has, in fact, been successful in getting each of a number of eminent Cambridge dons to write an essay for him in answer to certain questions. They were to tell him what they were doing and why they were doing it. Mr. Wright also stipulated that they were to be intelligible to one another. By this ingenious rule he ensured that the essays are intelligible to any well-educated person however complex the subject matter may be. Perhaps, in the Middle Ages, it was possible for one person to acquire all human knowledge. It is evident that such a thing is impossible now. The reader of the series of essays which Mr. Wright has collected will find that university dons do not profess omniscience but that they are specialists in given branches of learning. It is therefore within the power of a person who is not a don to appreciate, almost as well as a don can, an academic subject which is not in his own line of work.

I was so encouraged, on reading the preface and on being told that the gods were coming down from Olympus, that I even dared to treat them as our hypothetical schoolboy might have wished to treat his teachers. I proceeded to mark the essays one by one for presentation of the subject, English style, interest, informativeness and wit. I considered it just, however, that the name of the winner should be divulged only to the diligent. Therefore I framed the following propositions after the manner of Caliban. "Either the historian mentioned Napoleon or the winner failed to refer to the Bank of England. A writer mentioning frogs took the second place. No writer mentioning oxygen got more marks than the Physicist. Either English Literature got less marks than did Mathematics or the author mentioning toothpaste was top." I am sure the dons will forgive me for this irreverence. Many of them took pains in their essays to explain that university professors can be human. One of them, for instance, quoted Henry Jackson's remark, "If I sometimes scoff at the damned scholiast, it is because I am wholesomely conscious that I am a damned scholiast myself."

A number of curious pieces of information about the conduct of studies at Cambridge University can be gleaned from this book. The Cambridge Rugby Football Club, we are told, has endowed an annual series of lectures on classics. Reform is urgently needed in the English tripos. Both physiology and physics would be almost at a standstill if there were no plasticine. We learn that a new philosophy has arisen of which the most shocking feature is the belief that "*red is a colour* is not a proper proposition." It is interesting to compare the different points of view of the various writers. Some of them describe in detail the work of individual members in their faculties; others speak with complete generality. Some seem anxious to tell us that Cambridge is a very fine place; others, though not necessarily denying this, point out that it is a mistake to imagine that Cambridge is the only place where the torch of knowledge is burning brightly. The scientists are little concerned to give an account of why they are studying their subjects; curiosity by itself is a sufficient motive. Occasionally there is a suggestion that their work may have a commercial value. On the other hand, the dons writing on Arts are troubled by the question whether their work is or is not scientific. The conclusion is reached that such subjects as history and literature can indeed suffer the application of scientific methods sometimes, but that their real value is independent of this invasion. This is surely an important sign of the times. There is evidently a danger that the study of such subjects as the classics may in future be submerged in the flood of scientific investigation. The scholars are evidently taking the wisest course and making terms with their adversary while they are still in a position to do so.

It is to be hoped that this volume will be widely read by students who are considering what subject to study at Cambridge as well as by all who are interested to hear what is really going on in this ancient university. If there is no essay on economics, it is, we are told, the economists' own fault, but many people would, I think, have welcomed a chapter on geography. One hopes that it will be clear to the reader that the subjects which can be studied at Cambridge are by no means exhausted in this survey, and that the essayists only deal with small fractions of their own subjects.

Let us now turn to the individual writers. Professor Blackett surveys the modern methods of research in physics in a way which makes the subject appear very alluring. The experimental physicist must indeed be a happy man if his life consists in one long extension of the hobbies of boyhood. We must not forget, however, that there is another side to the picture. In research there is always a large element of luck and it is possible to spend months or years of drudgery without obtaining results which are more than commonplace. Professor Blackett shows how a chance discovery of convenient properties in a commercial substance may suddenly alter the whole technique and a brilliant result is achieved.

Dr. and Mrs. Matthews describe a number of recent advances in physiology which many readers will not have fully appreciated before. How many educated people have taken the trouble to consider seriously the implications of the recent work at Cambridge on nerve impulses? It may well be that this new line of work is destined to revolutionise psychology.

In the essay on mathematics Mr. Newman accomplishes a remarkable *tour de force* by presenting a lucid description of this exceedingly erudite subject in a nutshell. He explains that the great difficulty of mathematical study depends on its numerous substantial layers each requiring to be understood before anything can be made of the one that follows. "None but the very earliest strata are known to any but specialists; most of the material of the ordinary school course had been discovered by 1650."

Dr. Snow, Mr. Waddington and Mr. Hallward write clear and straightforward accounts of their subjects, and Mr. Balfour treats us to a carefully thought out deposition on the function of history.

The first and last essays are notable for the wealth of epigrams which they contain, and which provide suitable spice for the discussions which otherwise the ordinary reader might find almost too academic.

L. PENROSE

RECENT BOOKS ON CONTRACT

Contract Bridge Blue Book of 1933. By ELY CULBERTSON. Edited by HUBERT PHILLIPS. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

Culbertson's Own Summary. By ELY CULBERTSON. *Faber and Faber.* 3s. 6d.

Culbertson's Self-Teacher. By ELY CULBERTSON. *Faber and Faber.* 2s. 6d.

Master Contract. By HAL SIMS. *Lane.* 5s.

Commonsense Contract. By LAURENCE H. CADE. *Hurst and Blackett.* 3s. 6d.

The Contract Bridge Omnibus. By HAROLD THORNE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 3s. 6d.

The Play of the Cards. By FRANK ENGLAND and HOPE REFORD. *De La Rue.* 5s.

Contract Bridge: Bidding Principles. By COL. G. G. J. WALSHE. *De La Rue.* 3s. 6d.

The spate of books on Contract Bridge continues. This is not surprising, for the game is no longer an affair of clubs and coteries; it has become a necessary element in the suburban background. Contract, the radio and the movies, these three—and why worry about culture, anyway?

The dominating figure is still that of Culbertson, the Hitler of the card world. He has his own shock troops and a powerful discipline: "With such fellows behind me" (as we used to say in the war) "I would go anywhere and play anybody." Three years ago I introduced Culbertson to the British public, which fell for him as I had told them to do. The new edition of his *Blue Book* (also edited by me) is twice as long as the last one and four times as elaborate. It contains some fascinating studies in card analysis—fascinating even to those who do not play cards.

Culbertson's Own Summary is in my view the best of his books. An immense amount of thought has gone to its compilation. It will make, of course, for the standardisation of technique, but seven bridge players out of ten are not happy unless you dragoon them.

As for the *Self-Teacher* I view it with delight and misgiving. As an ex-pedagogue, I am thrilled by these examination papers. The means they afford of brow-beating others must appeal to the Sadist in all of us. But there is not much kick in playing bridge with people who only do as they are told.

So much for Mr. Culbertson. His rival, Mr. Hal Sims, is a player of no less ability, and he has written a delightful book; but I think he has set up as a racketeer too late. The *One Over One* cannot be put across the British public now. Culbertson's publicity methods are better and he has captured most of the field in any case. All the same, *Master Contract* is an admirable book.

"Criticus" is an able writer too, but he looks backwards not forwards—a psychological blunder. He drags from its limbo the carcase of the Culbertson-Buller match and beats it till we are all a little fatigued.

Mr. Laurence H. Cade is another destructive critic. He attacks the Approach Forcing System in pleasant vein, but on lines that are becoming a little old-fashioned. The dichotomy of *System Bidding* and *Commonsense* is not in itself sensible, for systems (barring those freak conventions which are ushered into the world still-born) are only rationalised common sense. A slovenly mind is *per se* of no use whatever at the card table.

Mr. Harold Thorne's *Omnibus* is an unpretentious little vehicle, but its accommodation is well utilised. There is a brief but clear guide to the more commonly exploited systems and conventions, and some notes on play and bidding. Mr. Thorne is a popular writer rather than an originator of ideas—a useful rôle and admirably filled.

Last but not least come two books from the historic firm of De La Rue, the publishers of James Clay and *Cavendish*. *The Play of the Cards* is a revised edition of a book with which most players are already familiar. In so far as any book is indispensable, this one is.

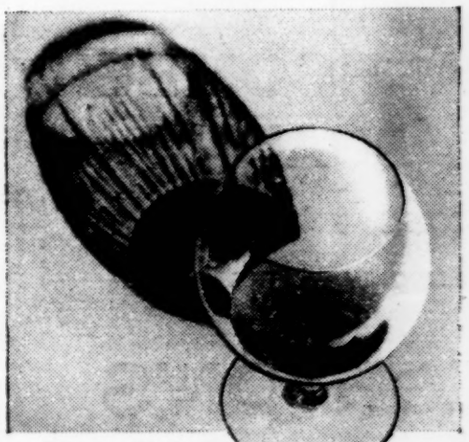
Contract Bridge: Bidding Principles is the product of a subtle and fastidious mind. Colonel Walshe is a connoisseur of those niceties of inference which make up the Approach Forcing System. His book is compact but stimulating. H. PHILLIPS

CHINESE TURKESTAN

Peaks and Plains of Central Asia. By R. C. F. SCHOMBERG. *Hopkinson.* 15s.

As the Sinkiang is the most westerly and inaccessible province of China, so it remained longer than any other district of the old empire an administrative unity, untroubled by contentious generals and by armies indistinguishable from brigands. Colonel Schomberg paints the last years of this happy condition. During his first journey, in 1928, the old Governor Yang was assassinated at Urumchi, and with him was destroyed the hand that had kept the province secure in its peace and isolation. Already, during Colonel Schomberg's second journey in 1930, the clouds of disruption, in the shape of those inevitable armies, were gathering. Now, within the last six months, the storm has broken, the Chinese administrators have been exterminated by the Tungans, and anarchy unchecked and indecipherable prevails from Hami to Kashgaria. How long it will continue to prevail cannot be foretold. When a political vacuum is created other forces rush in. With the Turk-Sib railway newly opened along the western frontier, the Russians are ready. Sixty years ago they occupied Zungaria under similar conditions. Now, once more, their incursion seems inevitable. If it comes the old life of the province will have vanished for good and all. The present book gives a picture of that life, and may constitute, for all we know, its last memorial.

Colonel Schomberg is concerned in particular neither with politics, culture, geography, nor natural history. During three years he travelled about the Sinkiang for the sake of travelling, and his journeys are described in straightforward sequence without pretence of adventure or discovery. The result is a refreshing honesty. Travel in the Sinkiang is no holiday, and the book is largely filled with detailed observations on the absence of sanitation in one town or the quality of the melons in another. For, as the author truly says, "the true traveller puts his personal comfort and his men's before everything else—a scandalous remark no doubt, but an eminently practical one, for without some degree of comfort the lives and health of the party are affected." Thus we can picture, and sympathise with, the sufferings of the party



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when we read of Qarashar: "The cold nipping wind froze the loathsome ordure and blew about the long grimy black pig-tails of the women, which were encased in greasy umbrella-covers. The whole aspect of the city, with its ruined houses and crumbling walls . . . its rancid smell and mountains of frozen filth and offal, was dismal in the extreme." And again we can rejoice with them on reaching the bazaars of Aqsu, "glutted with the bountiful harvest. The melons, peaches, nectarines, apples, grapes, damsons and quinces overflowed the stalls and spread out into the road. Vegetables were everywhere, from tomatoes and cucumbers to French beans and potatoes. . . . The whole bazaar was one vast food-store of excellent quality at bargain prices." The Sinkiang is indeed an administrative fiction. To the south lies the Eden of Kashgaria. To the north are the Tien Shan mountains, inclement and inhospitable, and beyond them again the grassy but little favoured uplands of Zungaria. The middle of the province is a vast desert, forbidding and waterless. Not less diverse are the resident races, Turkis, Kalmucks, Tungans, Kasaks and Kirghiz. Of every type of country and every type of people Colonel Schomberg has recorded his traveller's impressions. The record is a valuable one, for already it is a picture of the past. Whether the past will return, or has been superseded for ever, no one can tell.

ROBERT BYRON

SURVEYS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

British Industries and Their Organisation. By G. C. ALLEN. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

The Industries of Greater London. By DR. D. H. SMITH. *King.* 10s.

Statistical totals and theoretical demonstrations are all very well, but even the statistician and the theorist like something solid to bite on. Here they are well served. These volumes present, along with the necessary minimum of statistical and analytical matter, a solid and recognisable panorama of certain British industries which all those interested in planning and its possibilities will study with pleasure. Mr. G. C. Allen has covered the wider field both geographically and historically, surveying the growth, vicissitudes and present prospects of the "staple industries," and a selection of their possible successors; Dr. D. H. Smith (who has incidentally achieved the minor miracle of a thoroughly readable academic thesis) has restricted himself further than his title indicates, covering only the northern section of London's industrial outer ring. This he has done in detail, giving each locality its geographical and geological setting, describing transport facilities, housing problems, and the individual reasons which have led particular firms to choose given sites. There is room for more of this sort of study elsewhere, though experience suggests that regional surveys are a field for team work rather than individual effort. The *Board of Trade Journals'* new six monthly lists of factories opened, extended or closed down in different areas must be seen against some such substantial background to achieve perspective.

Both Dr. Smith and Mr. Allen cast light on the industrial "Drift to the South"—a drift consisting less in any actual displacement of existing industries than in the avoidance by new enterprises of the old areas with their high rates and strong unions. Mr. Allen sensibly deplores the consequent waste of established facilities and skilled labour, and considers the union-dodging ambitions of the new employers doomed to very short success. Large industrial centres, once formed, simply will not stay unorganised. He offers no final judgment on planning as a remedy; the most hopeful line of advance is international, and State control, direct or indirect, is valued according to its international possibilities. But he is less concerned with pointing a moral than with telling a story. The broad lines of his earlier chapters are familiar ground, but much is new and the whole book is, as it should be, thoroughly up to date.

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344 pages.

SHEED & WARD

CRIME FOR THE SEASIDE

The American Gun Mystery. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

A Case for the C.I.D. By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

Murder Rehearsal. By ROGER EAST. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Inquest. By HENRIETTA CLANDON. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.

The Dodd Cases. By KENNETH LIVINGSTON. *Methuen.* 3s. 6d.

A Lesson in Crime. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The White Cockatoo. By M. G. EBERHART. *Falcon Books.* 7s. 6d.

The most spirited of this batch is *The American Gun Mystery* by the prolific Mr. Queen. Only a few months ago he published over here *The Egyptian Cross Mystery*, a book that depended largely on sadism for its excitement. The scene of *The American Gun Mystery* is a rodeo at a New York circus where a man is shot during the performance—an excellent plot, if only the final unravelling did not throw such a strain on the reader's knowledge of human nature. The criminal, as usual with Mr. Queen, is insane by ordinary standards. But the pace at which the story proceeds is splendid, and the book can be read comfortably in an afternoon on the sands. *A Case for the C.I.D.* concerns studio life in St John's Wood, and is written more in the leisurely pottering way of the novelist than of the detective writer. There are needless repetitions and tiresome embellishments, and the plot would boil down easily into a short story but for these. Moreover, it has the defect that the identity of the criminal is obvious almost from the start, and the blame must be placed on the authoress, who will go in for character studies, when, if fair to the reader, they simply give the show away. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny has not a natural gift for detective work, where the standard of technique is very high. She even provides no proper detective. This absence of a real detective appears again in *Inquest*, and I do not believe myself that interest in the process of solving crimes can be sustained without a Sherlock Holmes to whom one can play Dr. Watson. In *Inquest* a country doctor acts as narrator and semi-detective and the criminal is discovered *ambulando*, a dreary method. The real clues to the murder of a *parvenu* in a French château six months before the book opens remain in France until the last chapters, while the authoress shows us round an English country house, where only subsidiary events are occurring. Miss Clandon might do better with a straight novel than pit herself against Mrs. Christie and Miss Sayers. *Murder Rehearsal*, one of the Crime Club books, is about at Crime Club level, which

is always respectable but rarely exhilarating. The theme is a group murder, obviously the work of a lunatic. This makes one look twice at every suspicious stranger who crops up in the story, which makes our task of spotting the killer easier than that of Superintendent Simmonds, who has not our advantages. Naturally, with several murders to detail, there is no lack of action. The coincidence which enables the crimes to be traced is the best idea in the book. I may have to, but I'm not very eager to attend another case with the ox-like Superintendent.

Of the collections of short stories, *The Dodd Cases* and *A Lesson in Crime*, I prefer the quiet old-fashioned style of Dr. Dodd in getting to the bottom of a crime in a few pages to the brisk, modern virtues and failings of Superintendent Wilson, the Coles' detective. There is an interest to be derived from collating the fates to which various detective writers consign their murderers, the choice lying between suicide, Broadmoor and the gallows. Of the seven murderers in the Coles' book, six are men, and they are sentenced by the authors either to Broadmoor or suicide—the only murderess is reserved for the gallows.

The White Cockatoo is hardly a detective story and yet not quite a thriller. There is an attempt to make flesh creep and an amateur effort at detection, but the book hangs fire. The scene is an inn in Provençe with the mistral banging the shutters, where a young American engineer meets a dazzlingly pretty American girl and is almost immediately arrested for murder by the French police. The story thence proceeds alternately with thrills, love-making and haphazard investigations by the engineer and the French police, and at the end there is a startling solution —only by that time I was too fatigued to be startled.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE FALL OF A REPUBLIC

The Life of Caesar. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

This work is an abridged excerpt of the first two volumes of *The Greatness and Decline of Rome* by the distinguished Italian historian Signor Ferrero. Its title is a little misleading for it remains, as it was originally planned, a history and not a biography. That Caesar played the most important part in the epoch which Professor Ferrero examines is indisputable but has nothing to do with the character of the present book. This may seem a small point to make, but it is the duty (almost the only possible duty) of a reviewer to inform the public of the nature of a work which, owing to its unfortunate classification, is likely to confuse and irritate the reader of biography and escape the notice of the historian.

In his preface Professor Ferrero makes it clear that his object is to refute the conclusions drawn by the Roman historians of the nineteenth century, Drümann, Mommsen and Duruy; and he succeeds, at least, in showing that Caesar never meant "to invest the Empire with monarchial institutions which were to assure it three centuries of peace, order, prosperity, and greatness":

> Caesar never intended to seize the supreme power for himself; civil war was only an accident provoked by his enemies and not by his ambition. It ended by placing him, his enemies, the whole Republic in an inextricable position, and instead of putting an end to the crisis with which the Republic was contending, it complicated matters still further. If Caesar occupies a great place in history, it is not because he destroyed the Republic and founded the Empire, but because he conquered Gaul. The conquest of Gaul was the beginning of European history.

He hints, too, at a secondary and possibly not less important conclusion to be gained from a study of the years preceding Caesar's attempt at a monarchy: that there are striking parallels, to be found everywhere in Europe to-day, of the desire to escape from the confusions of democratic government by the return to a belief in the "hero-usurper"—which the author assures us is only a snare and a delusion.

> The conclusion I arrived at thirty years ago as a result of my researches is that this first case (Caesar's) of supposed regenerative usurpation and saving despotism is merely a romance.

But if there is a trace of embittered propaganda in his preface, the author is scrupulously careful to let none of it enter his text; and is simply concerned with the causes and effects of the downfall of the Roman Republic. The history begins with the expedition of Sulla against Mithridates. It is significant of the stress given to the book as a whole that Sulla should be launched by the Senate to oppose what was, in effect, not so much a foreign invasion as

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an organised revolution against the plutocracy of Roman financiers in Asia. For the next forty years, until Caesar crossed the Rubicon to start the Civil War, the politics of the Mediterranean basin resolved themselves into a struggle between the Conservative and the Popular parties. But at the very moment of the latter's triumph it ceased even to exist, for its leaders Pompey, Crassus, and Caesar, having dispersed the enfeebled opposition of the Senate, ruled openly as a triumvirate. The history of the Dictatorship is brought to a close with the assassination of Caesar in 43 B.C.

Although this comparatively small period of half a century is covered in the text by something over 500 pages, there is little diffuseness. Professor Ferrero has the gift of making detail absorbing and relevant. He neglects no branch of human activity, and includes many admirable character sketches of the leading spirits of the time. His prose is balanced and easy to read, and he has been very well served by his translator, Professor Zimmern. It is a serious history which may be read for instruction and enjoyment by the student and general reader alike.

RICHARD STRACHEY

SHORTER NOTICES

Myself and My Friends. By LILLAH MCCARTHY. WITH AN ASIDE BY BERNARD SHAW. *Butterworth.* 18*s.*

Ellen Terry's Memoirs. WITH PREFACE, NOTES, AND ADDITIONAL BIOGRAPHICAL CHAPTERS. By EDITH CRAIG and CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Many years ago criticising an Irving production at the Lyceum—was it *King Arthur?*—Mr. Bernard Shaw exclaimed: "What a theatre for a woman of genius to be attached to!" the assumption, of course, being that Ellen Terry should have devoted her splendid talents to the intellectual drama of her time. In the light thrown on the theatre by these autobiographies it may perhaps be questioned if the drama of ideas alone would have produced an actress of the quality of Ellen Terry or Lillah McCarthy. Ellen Terry doubted if she would have been more successful away from the Lyceum, and she refers with respect to such parts as Olivia in Wills's version of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and Ellaline in Calmour's *Amber Heart*. Lady Keeble, too, is clearly of the opinion that her work with Wilson Barrett in *The Sign of the Cross* was not the least valuable of the experiences she gained during the ten years which, on the stern advice of Mr. Shaw, the critic, she devoted to the acquisition of the technique she was to display so brilliantly in Shavian drama. There is something to be said even for fustian if it gives the actor that breadth which Ellen Terry in one of the hundreds of penetrating remarks on the theatre which adorn her memoirs acclaimed as an essential quality of sound acting. It is particularly pleasant to read these two books together for there is little in the art of the theatre upon which they do not throw light. Lady Keeble writes candidly of her own stage experiences, and of the friends she made in the course of her career; and Mr. Shaw in his characteristic aside lauds her for "combining the executive art of the grand school with a natural impulse to murder the Victorian womanly woman." In this new edition of *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*, her original *Story of My Life* remains untouched but each chapter is accompanied at the end by admirable explanatory notes, which include a remarkably acute summing up of Irving's character as man and actor, taken from Ellen Terry's diary. It is a pity that a book so desirable and valuable should be presented in a typographical form that is very literally an eye-sore.

A Guide to Instructional and Educational Films. Compiled by THE CENTRAL INFORMATION BUREAU FOR EDUCATIONAL FILMS.

The publication of this catalogue marks a definite stage in the progress of educational cinematography. Not only will this list be invaluable to schools in this country already possessing projectors (which are reputed to number under 1,000 at present), but it should also go far towards converting to cinematography those schools not yet so equipped. For the majority of these have hung back in doubt as to whether the projection-material available at present justifies the purchase of projectors. Particulars of over 2,000 films are here given under appropriate subject-headings. Owing to the limited number of schools at present owning projectors it is not possible to produce an educational film commercially with any hope of immediate profit. Accordingly the contents of this catalogue may be traced back to four sources: commercial production relying on the possibilities of the future, propaganda, adaptations of industrial advertising, and the film libraries formed by manufacturers of apparatus as a side-line subsidiary to the sale of projectors. In these circumstances it is natural that the majority of the films now available should fall outside the narrow curriculum imposed by the exigencies of our examination system. Their scope is rather what may be termed "background education"—the quickening, that is to say, of an intelligent interest in the world in general. Nevertheless from so wide a range the schoolmaster should be able to find much each term which will fit in closely with his set subjects.

It is impossible even to glance through this catalogue without finding oneself constantly reminded of the immense debt which educational cinematography owes to the Film Unit of the Empire Marketing Board. That it should be proposed to repay this debt by curtailing the activities of the unit in the near future is unthinkable.

Crime, Law, and Social Science. By JEROME MICHAEL and MORTIMER J. ADLER. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

The authors of this formidable indictment of psychological and sociological methodology in a series of elaborate arguments demolish the claims of criminology to any exact knowledge of the causes of crime or of the deterrent or reformative effects of punishment or other treatment of criminals. In case a charge of undue pessimism be brought against them, they are careful to point out that the intelligent application of trial and error, so long as it is recognised as such, may have valuable results. But with ethical opinion everywhere in a state of flux, and a growing conviction that the only vice is cruelty and the only virtue kindness, the methodology that Professors Michael and Adler adumbrate is hard to conceive. The Professors at any rate have to be thanked for the unmasking of a good deal of ignorance posing as knowledge and for their insistence that crime, and therefore the criminal, is created by statutes, ordinances and common-law decisions, and that the first thing that legislators when imposing a new or repealing an old law have to ask themselves is, "What crimes and criminals do we want to create?" and this in the conviction that the end of all criminal law is not the enforcement of categorical imperatives but the protection of society.

The Life and Letters of H.R.H. Charlotte Duchess of Albany By F. J. A. SKEET. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

This may seem a formidable title for a book dealing with poor "Pouponne," her career being so short, odd and pathetic. But the dignity of Major Skeet's title-page (which we abbreviate) is in keeping with his Jacobite piety and zeal no less than his assiduous collection and arrangement of every available scrap of information about Prince Charlie's daughter. Many readers will be grateful to him, and especially those whose curiosity about Charlotte has been aroused by recently published biographies of her father. Like that of Charles Edward her hour was brief. What her mother, Clementina Wilkinshaw, termed "this fattale separation" resulted in both mother and child languishing for many years in Paris on a very modest pension. In fact, Charlotte was already thirty when Charles sent for her after his lawful spouse, Louisa, had failed him with an heir and had gone off with her poet. The exiled monarch's last days were soothed by Charlotte's care, and even the

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stiff old Cardinal of York thawed to her during those few years of recognition and glory. Less than two years after her father's death she died, leaving to legal purists merely academic problems set by Charles' act of legitimation.

The Nature of Learning in Its Relation to the Living System. By GEORGE HUMPHREY. *Kegan Paul.* 16*s.*

It would be idle, of course, to impugn the importance of words with their inevitable associations and implications, or to ignore the danger of employing familiar figures of speech to describe obscure biological phenomena. Nevertheless, it really seems immaterial whether when referring to the "memory" implied in learning from experience we speak of "mneme" or "neural pattern" as the responsible factor. Both, after all, are mere counters, signifying at most a sort of a something. Possibly "neural pattern" is to be preferred as assuming the possibility, however remote, of a definite physiological explanation. It may perhaps be charged against Professor Humphrey that he is overanxious in the matter of nomenclature, though in so far as he protests against the creation of unnecessary technical terms he is to be supported. But if his investigation into the nature of learning, particularly as it may be assumed from the various experimental methods of studying animal behaviour, makes for a greater verbal felicity, it does not carry us much farther in actual knowledge, than we were taken in Marston, King and Marston's *Integrative Psychology*—a work, by the way, that does not appear in the bibliography he appends to his treatise. His "living system" striving for equilibrium is practically their organism with its unit response. However, the book is a stimulating review of recent investigation into the physiology of psychology.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 34.—"OLD CLOTHES DON'T MATTER"

Extract from a letter written by John MacSlithery, managing director of the British Machine Tool Company:

"I had an extraordinary post-card the other day, posted in Moscow of all places, bearing a photograph of an enormous barrack-like hotel at some unpronounceable place. On the picture side was written 'These are the rooms we slept in,' and there were crosses on the second window on the first floor, the third on the second floor, the first on the fourth floor, the second on the fifth floor, and the third on the top or seventh floor. On the other side there was written the following, which I have copied exactly as it was written:

OLD CLOTHES DON'T MATTER. MOST OF US TRIED LUGE-ING TODAY AND FOUND EVERYONE WEARING THEM. HEAVY CLOUDS AND SUDDEN SNOW STORMS WITH SLEET. EDWARD VERY UPPISH OVER SHARING IN "THESE PEOPLE'S AMUSEMENTS"! I DO THINK HE'S FUNNY! AS SOON AS THE TWINS HAVE HAD A GOOD REST YOU MUST EXPECT THEM BACK. BATHING AFTER BREAKFAST DAILY—QUITE ADVENTUROUS!

YOUR AFFEC. SISTER, SALLY.

Now the queer thing is that though I have no sister and know no twins, Sally is the nickname of our Russian agent in the matter of a huge contract that we are just about to sign, and as I know he has recently been under observation by the Russian political police I am a bit nervous. What do you make of it?"

WHAT DO *YOU* MAKE OF IT?

PROBLEM 32.—MUGS' GAME

SOLUTION

Squares are $1\frac{4}{7}$" *across. Table is* $7\frac{6}{7}$" *across.*

Half-dollar is 1" *diameter.*

The chance of a coin of diameter y falling entirely within a particular square cell of side x (x being greater than y) on such a table as this

$$= \left(\frac{x-y}{5x-y}\right)^2$$

The total valuation of the 25 squares is 4*s.* 0*d*, so that the expectation of a throw is

$$48\left(\frac{x-y}{5x-y}\right)^2 \text{ pence}$$

and this $= \frac{1}{3}$, whence $\frac{x-y}{5x-y} = \frac{1}{12}$, whence $7x = 11y$.

Further
$$48\left(\frac{x-y+\frac{3}{7}}{5x-y+\frac{15}{7}}\right)^2 = \frac{16}{27}$$

Whence
$$\frac{x-y+\frac{3}{7}}{5x-y+\frac{15}{7}} = \sqrt{\frac{16}{27/48}} = \frac{1}{9}$$

Whence
$$9x - 9y + \frac{27}{7} = 5x - y + \frac{15}{7}$$

Therefore
$$4x - 8y = -\frac{12}{7}$$

Therefore
$$x - 2y = -\frac{3}{7}$$

or
$$\frac{11y}{7} - 2y = -\frac{3}{7}$$

$$11y - 14y = -3$$

therefore
$$y = 1$$

therefore
$$x = 1\frac{4}{7}$$

$$5x = 7\frac{6}{7}$$

PROBLEM 31.—GAMES IN THE RAIN. (1) CRICKET

A set of Low's cartoons goes to:

A. H. A. Hogg, Campbell House, Shooter's Hill, S.E.18.

There were thirty-seven correct and seven incorrect solutions. *Nine* points are awarded.

LADY PLUSH-MONKEGH'S CRYPTOGRAM

The Editor has shown me a letter from Lady Plush-Monkegh, which appears in our correspondence columns. Solutions (if any) of the cryptogram may be sent to me; I shall be pleased to award a special bonus of twenty points to the reader who first solves the mystery.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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